The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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Published weekly and copyrighted, 1935, in the United States, by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. United States: $5.00; Canada: $5.50; Foreign: $6.00. Single copies: $.10.

VOLUME XXIII | Friday, November 15, 1935 | NUMBER 3

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THE AMERICAN ISSUE

THE MAIN result of the elections held last week in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New England was to prove that the New Deal, in the East, at least, is now very much on the defensive. As we go to press, the returns from Kentucky—where the counting of the votes cannot legally be done until the day following the elections—are incomplete, but show that there is no wide swing away from the administration. Even with this fact granted, however, it is clear that President Roosevelt must face the opening of the general election in 1936 with a nation-wide defection from the masses of voters who in 1932 swept him into office, and placed in his hands the power of such popular support as has rarely been granted to any President. It was, of course, the votes of millions of Republicans, and Independents, which gave him and the New Deal such unprecedented power. If the results of the recent elections mean that a really considerable number of the Republican and Independent voters who upheld him in 1932 are now convinced that his policies have failed, and if the example of their adverse votes proves contagious, it would seem that next November the New Deal is bound to be repudiated by the nation. For it cannot be doubted that a large and influential number of President Roosevelt's own party are as strongly opposed to his New Deal as are his Republican opponents. Moreover, it also is certain that many former supporters of the New Deal have become highly dubious of its course and direction, simply because of their dread that the desirable objectives of the administration's policy were depending more and more for their accomplishment upon the strengthening of federal authority, and the growth of a centralized bureaucracy.

According to the authoritative spokesmen of strict, old-line Republicanism, of course, the elec-

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tion results are even more significant of a widespread turning away from the New Deal than the voting figures indicate. As the New York *Herald Tribune* puts the matter, "The Republican organization is only beginning to regain its strength, whereas the Farley machine stands at the height of its power. Only a real uprising by the rank and file of voters could possibly have yielded the handsome Republican majorities of yesterday." And this stalwart voice of Republicanism proceeds to point out the practical lesson of the election to its party:

"It would be the height of folly for the opposition to the New Deal to rest on its laurels and assume that victory in 1936 is as good as won. . . . There must be a steadily increasing devotion to the cause, not of narrow partizanship, but of Americanism. Confronted by a Farley and his billions, honest and unbought citizens must unite and fight."

The *Herald Tribune's* advice, we believe, is applicable in a wider and deeper sense than its tenor would seem to indicate. For the somewhat smug, and decidedly shallow, assumption that the main tendency of the New Deal is opposed to "Americanism," and that its strength is chiefly represented by the political machine controlled by Postmaster Farley and his "billions," may be dismissed as partizanship gone silly, without injury to the sound sentiment expressed by the *Herald Tribune* in declaring that "there must be a steadily increasing devotion to the cause, not of narrow partizanship, but of Americanism."

As a preliminary to the increase of devotion to "Americanism," prior to the extraordinarily grave decision which the nation must make next year, surely there now should be a national debate—not a mere tempest of emotional oratory and partizan writing—of what really constitutes "Americanism." Any attempt to deny that the New Deal is essentially "American," in its preoccupation with the principles of social justice, and its attempt to bring about conditions in industry and agriculture that will give the great majority of the people—the farm population, and the toiling masses—a happier and securer state of life than hitherto they have possessed, will be, we think, utterly futile. The means by which the Roosevelt administration has sought to bring about the social reformation of the New Deal can be, and should be, closely scrutinized, severely criticized, in many respects, but only the most narrow type of partizanship can seek to identify desirable "Americanism" with the social and political philosophy and practise of that Old Deal of selfish individualism and hectic greed which produced the crash of 1930.

There has been a tremendous campaign of publicity—and of political and social pressure—seeking to convince the American people that true "Americanism" is precisely the system which, generally speaking, prevailed in politics and industry and finance since the Civil War: unrestrained greed, leading to desperate struggles for power, and the main instrument of power in any materialistic epoch, wealth, among the "captains of industry," with the masses of the people steadily becoming more and more impoverished. If this is true "Americanism," and if its proponents return to power next year, all that is good in the New Deal will be utterly frustrated. Within a very short time the people of the United States will find that they have been dumped out of the frying pan of *laissez-faire* into the much hotter fire of some form of collectivism—some variety of state socialism, tyrannically enforced (as state socialism necessarily must be enforced in order to work at all), or, more probably, into the equally hot and even more tormenting fire of some form of Nazism, or Fascism. And in that sort of fire, whether it be a communistic bonfire, or the more controlled furnace of big-business Fascism, the American people may be fused into some grotesque parody of the enslaved peoples of those unhappy countries which have already succumbed to dictatorships of the Left or of the Right.

Americans, in the fateful year ahead of them, must decide what Americanism means. And this is the American issue. Is there not a sane, sound middle ground between state bureaucracy, of any sort, whether socialist or capitalist, and unregulated, greedy, reckless individualism? Is not the American tradition of a culture resting upon true, well-divided ownership of land, and a prosperous, contented agriculture, still alive and potent? The year we are entering will answer the question. It is by far the most momentous question faced by the electorate since the Civil War. There is a great ground swell among the people, especially in the rural regions, which only needs effective leadership to rise in great power to demand the restoration of well-divided private property as the economic basis of traditional, and desirable, Americanism. The party which can implement this desire can bring about a new, powerful, constructive American Revolution.

Week by Week

The Trend of Events

MARKED uneasiness continued to be the mood in which America viewed the situation abroad. The utter inadequacy, even from the economic point of view, of nationalistic isolation was demonstrated anew both by the threat to trade and the impact of foreign money upon the investment market. While domestic capital remained hesitant, the outside world — constrained to find some place where wealth was not exposed to incalculable

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fluctuations — was buying whatever seemed relatively valuable in the United States. Clearly the tide has rolled in to such extent that a precipitate withdrawal might well create a momentous financial disturbance. The most signal contribution this country can make at present to the security and well-being of human society is to preserve the highest possible measure of social and economic equilibrium. Because of our resources and institutions, society ought to prove less exposed to devastating shocks here than anywhere else; and if the nation can give unmistakable evidence of improvement honestly and reasonably achieved, the example should prove encouraging to other peoples enmeshed in a net of baffling problems. From the moral point of view, it seems imperative to recognize that the hour calls for precious little in the way of crusading and for much objectivity, prudence and caution. After all, even Gridley was ordered not to fire until he was ready, and America is evidently not ready for any important experiment in international political and economic policy. This reticence is sufficiently well reflected in the temperate statements by national officials on the immediate dangers to peace.

IN ETHIOPIA, the military campaign was lagging quite surprisingly, Mussolini's forces apparently being engaged in attempts to win over rather than destroy the native armies. It is, however, scarcely to be expected that any decisive victory is to be gained in this way; and the important factor is doubtless the stern threat with which Europe is confronted. The success of the League in mustering virtually all the European states which are members in support of the sanctions policy is a most noteworthy one; and obviously Geneva once again has a real chance to influence the destiny of the Continent. The question of immediate importance is whether war can be staved off for two years, during which time the bulk of the armament material will have become obsolete while the almost unendurable tension will have lessened. A Europe which survived this test might reasonably be expected, when confronted with a choice between credits and rearmament, to retreat as gracefully as possible from the impasse in which most of its peoples now find themselves. But can peace be maintained for the coming critical two years? The answer seems to depend primarily upon the astuteness and vigor of British diplomacy, to which (largely by reason of the lack of American leadership) the smaller powers have necessarily turned. It cannot be denied that London's nerves have been frayed, and that several great blunders are in the record. The chances are, however, not so bad as is commonly supposed, and the prediction that western civilization is doomed seems definitely premature.

The Trend of Recovery

"IF ONE thing has been demonstrated about the recovery program," writes Mr. Edward H. Collins in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "it is that as a method of 'priming the pump' AAA has put to shame the classic formula of spending money on public works." The most immediate evidence is the revival in the automobile industry, which has during the past year established a virtual production record. While buying has been heavy in agricultural areas, where the coverage of payments for non-production was extensive, the more industrial regions, notably New England, have lagged far behind. It is of course true that the basic industries have been slow to respond to the stimulant thus applied, but even they show marked improvement. By comparison the effects of spending for public works have been hard to notice, excepting in so far as they are identifiable with relief; and relief is a social necessity rather than a factor in priming the pump. Many believe that the next stages in genuine recovery will be seen in the stimulation of replacement and reconstruction in other fields than motor car building. Mr. Selfridge's claim that British recovery was based on small house building, though probably too extreme, is a case in point. Obviously there is much to support the reasoning of those who hold that modernization — including air-conditioning and mechanization — will eventually take up the unemployment slack. We know now, or ought to, that the classic arguments against public works have once again been sustained by American experience.

You Can Be Fooled

LINCOLN'S view of his fellow citizens was basically an optimistic one, and it may well be that from this point of view at least he lived in a fortunate time. We are sometimes inclined to believe that at present almost all the people really can be fooled all the time. That the intelligentsia, at any rate, are off snipe hunting is a fact which hardly needs to be supported by further evidence. There is, however, no harm in recording a phenomenon sighted by Mary Colum in the current *Forum* and incisively described. Commenting on Briffault's "Europa," she lays stress upon the unavoidable feeling that the author "wrote this novel with his tongue in his cheek, having first ingeniously investigated all the ingredients that should go into a novel that is to be a best seller in the year 1935." Some of these weird ingredients she analyzes, particularly the social clichés which are allowed to function as penetrating glimpses of contemporary French life. That in spite of everything this novel could be heralded and sold as a masterpiece

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of social portraiture and criticism is attributable solely to the well-insulated naïveté of the American intellectual. It is perhaps too much to expect of him—or of the newspaper columnist whom he reads—that he should possess the slightest awareness of France, or of Catholic civilization. But that he should tumble like a house of cards for a lot of meretricious palaver the first concern of which is sex as it has been done to death points to so sublime a capacity for nonsense as to unnerve the beholder. He is clutching desperately at this or that, for clutching's sake. The hour is rather late, but we suggest that somebody send for Dean Swift.

New York's Earthquake

WHEN those powers that sleep at the center of the earth turn over in bed, there is always a good deal of fuss about it up above. Sometimes, of course, "fuss" is too mild a word for the ravening tragedy which ensues—lives snuffed out as in a holocaust, homes, even cities, destroyed, famine and plague stalking in the wake of disaster like beasts of prey that scent helpless victims. But there are earthquakes much less severe in their results—mere ripples of the earth's crust, as it were, just serving to jolt those who experience them out of any sleepy idea that this dwelling-place of ours is founded on unassailable security, and to remind them that it is an explosive planet at whose core rocks melt, fissures crack and close and intestine fires rage. Such a seismological phenomenon—comparable to a pat from a lion's paw—was the earthquake that spread from its "epicenter" in Canada recently to sweep New York delicately with its fringe. It did no great damage. No tops came off of skyscrapers, as they do in the more violent illustrations of books on wars of the future; no subways heaved up their tracks to the surface; no house-fronts were deposited in the river. Police stations and newspaper offices had a busy night answering their telephones, and that is about all. No one complains of this earthquake. It seems somehow to complete the city. Mild and tranquil almost as this unparalleled Indian Summer itself, the *bona fides* of its temblor is yet established on a thousand seismographic charts and newspaper headlines, proving again that this most versatile of all cities has everything on earth within its borders.

The Consumer As Such

THE REORGANIZED and much improved *Consumers Defender,* the organ of the cooperative mail order establishment, Cooperative Distributors, brings attention again to the status of the consumer, as such, in the New Deal. During the summer the President created the office of Consumers Advisor by coordinating the offices of the old NRA Consumers Advisory Board, the Consumers Division of the National Emergency Council, the Committee on Price Policy and the Consumers County Councils. The cooperative movement does not expect much from this new office. The consumer "as such" is certainly an extremely theoretical character, and this fact the New Deal has realized too well. The policies of protecting the debt structure, "rationalizing" competition, raising wages, curtailing production and raising price levels have been undertaken from the opposite point of view from that of the consumers cooperative movement. Cooperatives look at wants and try to get them satisfied as easily and cheaply as is possible and as is consistent with a democratically arrived at level of pay for the workers implicated in the effort. The productive machine has been considered by the federal government first as a means of distributing purchasing power; they have thought through (in their way) the problem of getting goods to individuals from the first step to the last and undertaken action there, at the most removed point. This highly intellectualized attack is perhaps best suited to preserving the methods of distributing and paying on which the New Deal study and our economy are based, but it does not unravel or shake down the system so that the consumer can be seen more clearly in front of the things he wants.

Healing Silence

A SET of figures which are eye-openers in what they reveal of gratifying possibilities regarding New York's combined safety and anti-noise campaigns, gives to the October just ended a shining record. That there should be definitely less noise in the city at night was to be expected in view of the seriousness with which the noise-abatement drive was launched. But that the campaign against clamor should have aided so powerfully the parallel effort being made to decrease motor accidents, was perhaps not so generally anticipated. Yet it is only logical that this should be so, as Mayor La Guardia infers in presenting the figures. Motorists who are compelled to be as quiet as possible, and to observe certain specific rules designed to keep them so, tend as a matter of course to drive more carefully than those who feel that no limitation is put upon them. This was one of the first discoveries made during England's noise-abolishment effort, so happily begun some months ago, and it is a fine thing indeed to have the principle set in operation here. In spite of the appalling rise of motor accident statistics throughout the country, New York shows for October a decrease of 751 from the 3,329 accidents for the same month in 1934, and a decrease of 791 from the 3,862 recorded injuries on the same list. This is a gain as swift as it is notable.

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THE THREE THREATS TO FREEDOM

By G. K. CHESTERTON

That many people fail to understand the especial perils to which liberty is at present exposed is Mr. Chesterton's contention in the following brilliant paper. After declaring that "prohibition was a portent and a prodigy in human history," he points out the special kind of scientific mind which assumes that imputing disease to another affords a right to curtail the freedom of another. Finally the alleged right of the rich to crush the poor is challenged in the name of liberty.—The Editors.

AS I RECENTLY had occasion to point out, in another connection, we must be careful about the definition of the higher sort of liberty, and distinguish it from its lower form which is rather to be associated with leisure.

My dog is in the exact legal and technical sense a slave; he belongs to somebody else; he is supposed (more or less) to obey somebody else who even has the powers of life and death. But my dog does as he likes very much more than I do. I have no particular motive to prevent him from doing as he likes; I happen to be fond of him and he of me; but his conception of his own obligations to me is on the whole simpler and less responsible than mine to him. When he has pretended to make a rush at imaginary rats, or barked very long and loud at equally imaginary burglars, he conceives that his duties are over for the day.

I, who often sit up late at night working out complicated controversies about Communism or Catholicism, should find my responsibilities on the whole relaxed by such a simplification. If I only had to erect my nose and smell rationalists, instead of rats . . . or if I could stand in the middle of the drawing-room and utter short but loud shouts, thus warning the nation of Bolshevists as he warns the household of burglars, it will hardly be questioned that I should have taken on a shorter and easier job. I should certainly have more leisure; and, in that limited sense, more liberty.

That I happen to be what was once called a free man and not a slave, still less a pet dog, depends upon two ideas, now more neglected and apparently considered more subtle. One is the idea of self-ownership, and the other the idea of choice, and choice over a rather wider field. And some of us have specially supported the idea of ownership, not only as an extension and defense of self-ownership, but also as the granting to the common man of materials amid which to choose. Even a well-treated slave building a pyramid, or a well-paid wage-slave working in a mill, cannot himself decide what stone he will carry or what grain he will grind; whereas, the poorest peasant, owning the smallest field, does actually put the stones or the plants where he pleases.

But whether or no we are right in upholding Distributism, the name now given to this contemporary defense of freedom, there is no doubt about the nature of the contemporary attack on freedom. Here again, however, it is necessary to guard against a misunderstanding. When we say that there is, in a special sense, though in many different forms, a modern menace to liberty, we do not mean that nobody ever menaced liberty before. We are not glorifying any good old times, as if they were times of wholly satisfactory liberty; we only say that there is now no danger from any ancient tyranny; but there is immediate and enormous danger from the modern tyranny. We do not wish to restore ancient slavery, because it was sometimes not much worse than wage-slavery; we do not yearn after sumptuary laws because modern enjoyment and expenditure have sometimes been restrained by much stupider laws; we know that every age has to defend independence against the peculiar perils of that period; we only complain that people in this period do not seem to realize their own peculiar perils at all.

Now there are, broadly, three major forms in which liberty is threatened by peculiarly modern forces; by fashions or fads which pride themselves specially on their modernity.

The first of these threats to freedom is an obvious oblivion of the very idea of self-ownership, among those who would make regulations about hygiene or diet or daily habits, which the immemorial human tradition regarded as the privilege of the private man. Prohibition was a portent and a prodigy in human history. To anyone who can see the point of a policy, it was far more of a prodigy that the Spanish Inquisition or the Massacres of September. For even if these acts of terrorism had been dealing with millions, they would still have been dealing with minorities. They were punishing, however horribly, exceptional people whom they regarded as heretics or traitors; they were not suddenly imposing on all normal citizens a new veto on one of their normal habits.

It was a thing which practically no government had ever dared to do before. But its logic would have led irresistibly to doing any number of such things afterward. For it involved substituting

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state-ownership for self-ownership; that is, it did not, like mere Socialism, demand the state-ownership of property, but state-ownership of people. And if the State can thus forcibly prevent people drinking too much, there is no thinkable scientific reason why it should not prevent them smoking too much, or eating too much, or taking exercise too little. And though prohibition has broken down by its own stark insanity, the concentration camps of some of the new despotic governments show that this sort of servile discipline may yet be extended to other things in the name of science.

The second peril takes the insidious form of talking about humane punishment or scientific punishment; it is sometimes called curative punishment, though it is much more likely to end in treating people as incurable. But whatever its airs of philanthropy, it is flatly and finally fatal to liberty. It implies that free men can be detained indefinitely, not till they have paid a debt which can be defined, but till somebody else has discovered a disease that may never be discovered. A man is not innocent till he is found guilty; for in fact he is neither guilty nor innocent; he is only a "case," which can be secretly segregated; first, because he is curable, and then because he is incurable. Every man who cares for liberty should be on the watch against this perverted science poisoning the idea of law.

And the third peril of the hour is that most modern and most monstrous of our novelties: monopoly. At any moment there are millions of individual cases, never reported in newspapers, never debated in parliaments or county councils, never brought before any responsible authority in any reasonable way, in which independent owners or traders are crushed by colossal combines and conspiracies; simply and solely because the independent men are poor and the commercial combinations are rich. For there goes with this what always goes with the loss of the very idea of liberty: the loss of the very idea of authority. This sort of tyranny has no authority; it has not even the true authority of the government, let alone that of God or man. There is nothing behind it but a new enormous prejudice: that it is always progressive to support the rich man against the poor. We may at least ask toward what the two men are progressing; and the parable of Dives and Lazarus is not favorable to the fashionable view.

A HANDFUL OF LAVENDER

By JOHN ROBERT QUINN

WE KNOW so little of today We warm a few sharp shivers against the transient gleams of the sun. We share a common hope that tomorrow, whatever may come, there will be no repetition of our past sorrows. We think of some sequestered sun where we may some day warm ourselves against our bodies' lack. We dream for ourselves a place where all that is found lacking in this life will abound in the next. And we hope. And we pray. And we die.

This morning as the dawn rose to claim her children once more, there were a number of missing faces. Here and there amongst her frail garden was a flower shattered to the wind, its final fragrance blown to earth and remembered no longer than a pale whiff of lavender. Those of us who remain look dumbly and wish that we might do something to eliminate this old outrage.

In our black hours of grief we seek out the face of God, Whom scarcely we are able to recognize, and we forget that we are men of steel. We do not hear the tinkling of silver in the streets; we no longer want fame and fortune; we have no hankering for the crude trinkets which we have duped from life. What does it matter whether we are on the social register, whether our contemporaries are aware of our superimportance; whether the stock market goes up or down? What matters except that we are frail human beings and that we are reduced to the dire poverty of grief?

Not many of us find a happiness in living which is commensurate with the havoc wrought by death. We base our lives too much on the assumption that we live forever. It is impossible for us to conceive of death in a personal sense. We are such indispensable creatures that we have no conception of a world without us.

It seems to me that it would be salutary if every sincere and courageous man should take time out now and then to meditate upon so universal and fundamental a chore as death. By so doing, he can hope to eliminate the trite, synthetic things of life which seem so important where elimination is no factor. He can relax a while in his mad pursuit of happiness and ponder upon the ever-present subtle beauties of life. He can forget in such complete companionship that all about him wars are spawning, that gold is still supreme, that men are chained in economic penitentiaries, and that righteousness is a virtue to be admired more than cultivated. And most of all, he can synchronize life and death to such

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an extent that the ultimate end will necessitate a minimum of pain and the joys of life will transcend its brief summarization.

Many of us are deprived of happiness for reasons over which we, as individuals, have little or no control. We are swept up into the clutches of routine. The days begin to take on a drab, invariable sameness. We move about like marionettes. We put away our creative urge and confine our lives to bending over files, extracting trite, worn-out phrases from typewriters and whatever else our particular jobs might call for. A few of us enjoy the luxury of exercising now and then a little initiative. The rest of us do our allotted stereotyped portion and wait almost anxiously for somebody a little higher up to be retired or (God help us) to die.

The other day while attending a lecture at George Washington University I could not help feeling a little hopeless when the English professor remarked: "I always feel like shedding a tear when I see a government building releasing its employees for the day. (I am a government employee.) How warped they seem of hope. How much they look as though they'd left a song unsung, a book unlived, a picture unborn, a dream unfulfilled. How dead they seem—how utterly dead." I gave a sigh, not quite in resignation, which betrayed me to such an extent that the professor gave me an apologetic smile. It was a nice smile but it had two meanings.

Very few people in this day and age know how to convert their time and money into something of worth-while companionship. Too many of us are lonely. There have been times when I have died for lack of companionship. And even though I am fully aware that a moment not lived as I should like to live it is a moment in death, I am at a loss to know how I can transcend the unpleasantries inflicted upon me by a world so set in its ways. And by unpleasantries I do not mean the sufferings and sorrows which come about through uncontrollable circumstances such as sickness, death, poverty, floods, droughts and the like.

The grudge which I am continually grumbling is that happiness is too much subordinated to the demands of an economic era with all its hodge-podge of barbaric superficialities. What this world needs is a more disinterested viewpoint. And what all of us, as individuals, need is something to distinguish our involuntary existences from mere gestures in self-defense. Life is the opportunity to be happy; death is the stimulus by which we make the best of that opportunity.

If you were to open my billfold at this moment and spread the contents upon a table, I feel quite sure you would be not a little amused You would find balcony stubs from the last symphony; a ticket for the Ballet Russe (I didn't have the money for two); tickets for the National Symphony and Lucrezia Bori; a few clippings abounding in sententious and witty remarks; possibly an announcement or two of some free concert, an art exhibit or a pupils' recital. These things constitute my life-money. The rest is only three dollars and sixty-five cents' worth of physical assurance that I can still outdistance the wolf.

I like to think of life as a sort of poem wherein we need a certain rhythm, a balanced affinity between matter and spirit. We need more words which are capable of living and fewer expletives. We need to create within ourselves the expectancy of a certain beat—a certain repetition of happiness. When we have said enough we should not want to go beyond the appointed goal. A sonnet has only fourteen lines. Even one more word would be superfluous. Its beauty should be crammed into those fourteen lines in such a way that each word from the very beginning is a thing of beauty aware of its own existence.

James Elroy Flecker in his delightful little drama, "Hassan," has stated a belief in poetry which might well be applied to the poetry of life: The Caliph of Bagdad is speaking to Hassan, saying, "In poems and tales alone shall live the eternal memory of this city when I am dust and thou art dust, when the Bedouin shall build his hut upon my garden and drive his plow beyond the ruin of my palace, and all Bagdad is broken to the ground. Ah, if there ever shall arise a nation whose people have forgotten poetry, or whose poets have forgotten the people, though they send their ships 'round Taprobane and their armies across the hills of Hindustan, though their city be greater than Babylon of old, though they mine a league into earth or mount to the stars on wings—what of them?

And Hassan answers: "They will be a dark patch upon the world."

And so I repeat that life is a poem to be recorded in the anthology of time:

One More Sonnet

A sonnet has but fourteen lines to live,
And so it scrapes the cupboard bare of words
And strains each meaning through a common sieve
Until no whey is left among the curds.
No expletive can bluff its way to fame
By merely pouring rhythm in a chink;
Each man within a sonnet knows the game
And never moves until he's found his link.

If I might live but one full sonnet long,
I think that I shall word my universe
That when I die it can be set to song
And keep me company within the hearse.
And when at last my lips are pressed in sod,
I'll hum the final word to rime with "God."

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JAPAN MOVES INTO CHINA

By JAMES A. MAGNER

THE DECISION of the Japanese Military to adopt a triple plan for China brings a further revelation of the aims of the Island Empire in the Far East. Briefly, this plan, based on the findings of Colonel Seiicki Kita, chief of the China section of the Army General Staff, and Lieutenant Colonel Sanji Ohkido, of the war office, recognizes North, Central, and South China as three distinct centers with special problems requiring separate and distinct treatment. Economic reconstruction in the South and Southwest is alleged to have made that section impatient with the dalliance of Central China and the rule of Nanking, already engrossed with the Communist forces in Szechuan. North China, centered around Peiping, is regarded as rapidly throwing off the control of the national government at Nanking and calling for immediate reorganization under Japanese direction.

The interest of Japan in North China is based upon two principal considerations. One is the need for a base of attack, through Kalgan and Mongolia, in case of war with Russia. The other is the completion of an economic block, embracing Japan, Manchukuo and North China, with the Kwantung territory as a pivot.

Economic operations of the last few years, particularly since the political transformation of Manchuria, have demonstrated that Manchukuo is unable to supply in proper abundance the raw materials which Japan is demanding for its industries. Up to this time the principal crop of Manchukuo has been soy beans, for Japanese consumption. The mountains of the East are supplying timber for wood pulp and structural purposes. There is some iron, copper and magnesite, needed by Japan. The South Manchurian Railway has been working the open pit bituminous mines at Fushen, which are covered with oil shale. A supply of coal is available also at Antung on the Korean border. In spite of governmental encouragement, however, the cotton prospects of Manchuria, upon which Japan based so much hope, remain unsatisfactory. The area under cultivation last season totaled 150,000 acres, an increase of 20,000 acres over the previous year, but the crop was very poor, totaling only 111,000,000 pounds. The country is too far north for uniform success in this staple. In view of the fact that Japan annually purchases 600,000,000 yen of cotton from the United States and India, it is natural for Japanese interests to consider possibilities in China.

More than half the area of China lies between 20 and 40 degrees north latitude, a region favorable for cotton. Experiments with American upland cotton have been highly successful. Inasmuch as the total crop of Korea and Manchukuo under the best possible conditions cannot displace more than 50 percent of Japan's cotton import, the prospects in Northern China are particularly inviting. Japanese observers are quick to point out that cheap labor in China and the proximity of the country, as compared with the distance between Japan and either the United States or India, are factors bound to cut down the cost of the raw material. At the same time, the income to Chinese farmers will increase their buying power and provide a larger market for Japanese goods.

This consideration, of bringing the Chinese market under Japanese control, has played an important part in shaping the policy of Japan, even with respect to conditions in Manchukuo. Eighty percent of the people of Manchukuo have come from North China. Immigration reached as high as one million a year under Chiang Hsueh-liang and has continued practically on the same scale ever since. Most of the coolies working in this territory come up from Shantung and Hopei and return with their savings to China or send it back to their families. Considerable improvement in Sino-Japanese trade relations, however, has been noted within the present year. Japan's exports to China, particularly in cotton cloth, sugar, machinery, iron, paper and lumber, for the first six months of this period leaped to 83,000,000 yen from 51,000,000 yen of the same period last year. North and Central China consumed 70 percent of the total amount of cotton cloth exported from Japan.

At the same time, North China offers some very promising natural resources. The Shansi coal deposits, of good quality, are estimated at 120,000,000,000 tons. This amount represents half the total coal deposits in all China and eight times the whole amount in Japan. There are important coal fields also in Hopei and Chahar, and oil deposits in Shansi. Salt fields about the Gulf of Chihli, iron resources in northern Hopei and Chahar, wheat in Hopei, Shantung, Shansi and northern Honan, and tobacco in Shantung and Hopei, add to an attractive picture.

To develop the resources of this region, the Japanese plans call for a grouping of the Hopei, Shantung, Shansi and Suiyan provinces into an economic unit. The textile interests at Tientsin and Tsingtao will be increased and consolidated

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under Japanese control. New railroad lines will be constructed, and the development of the northern ports, Chinwangtao, Tsingtao, Taku and Tangku, will be entrusted to the exclusive control of Janese interests. Thus the Japanese ports from Shimonoseki to Dairen, and thence to Tienstin, will present a solid line of approach to China and northern Asia.

From a military standpoint, the advance of Japan into North China has been justified under the slogan of Japan's "life-line," popular since the Manchurian incident. Plans for the exploitation of Chinese resources and the monopolization of the Chinese market are grouped under the title of "economic cooperation" with China. In neither case, however, is there any serious intention of providing territory for an overflow of Japanese through emigration. North China is already crowded with a capacity population, while the lower standard of living among the Chinese makes it impossible for Japanese colonists to offer effective competition. Japanese emigration movements, moreover, have been failures, with one or two exceptions. The colder climates of Korea and Manchuria have been a notable deterrent to Japanese colonists, and it is probable that they will never settle in either territory except along the raliroad lines, as merchants, commission men, managers, agents and hostelers, to extend the sphere of Japanese influence and insure Japanese control of national assets.

Will the Japanese advance into North China mean the establishment of a new state around Peiping? The difficulty in giving a direct answer to this question arises largely from the fact that the movement is fundamentally part of an economic plan, which may ultimately lead to an Asiatic hegemony extending from Japan through the Continent, as far as the Philippines. Most of the large foreign firms in North China, including American and British interests, have seen the handwriting on the wall, and are reducing their activities because of the rapid development of Japanese monopolies. The pinch of Japanese competition in industrial fields has made itself felt as far south as Shanghai, and there is a growing tendency of American and British concerns in Shanghai to transfer their headquarters to agencies in Japan.

Another factor which makes prediction hazardous is the appearance of a rift within the Japanese army itself. Some observers are inclined to believe that the recent shakeup in the personnel of high officers in the Military and the assassination of Lieutenant General Nagata by a lieutenant colonel indicate a profound difference of outlook in military opinion and policy, which may involve the sympathies of the Emperor himself.

Meanwhile the actual push and work of the movement are being given by the Kwantung army, backed by the resources of the government-owned South Manchurian Railway. In a recent interview, Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, new president of this corporation, which is also Japan's biggest business concern and holder of the bulk of Japanese investments in Manchuria, declared: "Looking over the northeastern area of the Asiatic mainland, we see that Manchuria and Mongolia have already passed through the first stage, that of reshaping, and are entering on the second stage, that of internal perfection. Because of the activities of the Soviet Union and the situation prevailing in China, Japan is going to start operations in North China. Most of the people of Japan do not yet quite understand the great importance of these future operations, and their lack of understanding, I believe, will beyond doubt bring about a really serious crisis in the nation. Regardless of how serious the crisis may become, Japan cannot halt its North China operations. The arrow has already left the bow. The progress of these operations will decide the destiny of the Yamato race, its rise or fall in the world situation." It is interesting to note that this railway has increased its tracks from 600 miles in 1931 to more than 7,000 miles at the present time. It is also significant that Mr. Matsuoka is the gentleman who defended Japan's operations in Manchuria before the League of Nations, and left that body to stew in its own juices when it failed to consent to the Japanese advance.

The Japanese Military, meanwhile, is constantly looking for "incidents," such as anti-Japanese statements in the Chinese press or in Chinese textbooks, or shootings and affronts which can give grounds for further apologies, cleansings and concessions on the part of China. In virtue of the recent Chahar Settlement, the demilitarized zone north of Peiping has been extended to fifty miles beyond the lines fixed by the Tangku Truce Agreement of 1933. While the Chinese are held responsible for good order in this district, they may not employ more than a police force. The increase of bandits and other lawless elements, together with anti-Japanese demonstrations, may shortly induce the Japanese officials to place the entire region under their own control.

Seizure of Peiping and the incorporation of North China as a political unit with Manchuria, under the Emperor of Manchukuo, may be forecast as a possibility within a period of from eighteen months to three years. It is more probable, however, that Chinese officials in sympathy with Japanese aims will be drafted into office to construct some kind of independent buffer state joined to Inner Mongolia. Japanese interference in Peiping has already succeeded in placing in office a group of Chinese officials who do not pos-

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sess the confidence of the people, and this condition can easily lead to a situation requiring the complete dominance of the Japanese military authorities, and the cooperation of the Japanese army, as in Manchuria.

A series of alternating threats and friendly gestures toward the Nanking government on the part of the Japanese have failed to reveal the full mind and policy either of the Chinese officials at Nanking or of General Chiang Kai-shek, who approximates the position of China's military dictator. The recent resignation of Wang Ching-wei, President of the Executive Yuan and Foreign Minister at Nanking, caused numerous repercussions in Japan. He has been generally regarded as sympathetic with Japanese interests, and opposed to the so-called "Occidental Group," which is more inclined to favor European and American interests and to exclude the ingress of Japan. His recall, or rather maintainence in office, by Chiang Kai-shek, may be taken as at least a recognition of Japanese claims.

The rank and file of Chinese, who have been aroused to national consciousness, deeply resent the attitude and action of the Japanese Military in China, particularly since the Shanghai incident, and Mr. Wang himself has been denounced by leaders of the Kuomintang or National party for his alleged weak-kneed policy toward Japan. In spite of the efforts of the Japanese to suppress unfavorable influences, violent anti-Japanese sentiment is still evident, especially in Central China. At Soochow, for example, the Sun Yat-sen Memorial Library exhibits a number of posters representing the cruel aggression of the Japanese and calling upon the Chinese people to resist. One pictures the map of China as a cloak and marks the Japanese spheres of influence with representations of moth worms.

On the other hand, China is not without interests which foresee benefits in a more intimate economic cooperation between the two countries. Considerable importance has been attached to editorials in *Takungpav,* a leading Chinese newspaper in North China, advocating cooperation on the basis of "equality and mutual benefit." Negotiations on Sino-Japanese economic cooperation and the recognition of Manchukuo by China are expected to take form in Tokyo as a result of extensive conferences between General Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Ambassador to Japan, General Tsiang Tso-ping.

The economic possibilities of China have been thoroughly investigated by various Japanese committees, and a concrete plan based on their reports has been drafted by the Foreign Office for submission to Tsiang. Besides pointing out the necessity of cooperation and Japanese assistance in the exploitation of agricultural and mineral resources and in industrialization, this plan calls for the creation of a Sino-Japanese trade council and revision of the Chinese tariff. Such rehabilitation of Chinese economy as the British government may plan through the Leith-Ross commission is not being regarded with great favor in Japan. The Japanese government feels that it has no need of collaboration with other powers, but is racially, geographically and historically in a position to act in the interests of China independently and to the best effect.

With this viewpoint, the Chinese officials approved by the Kwantung army, notably Mr. Wang Kumin, chairman of the North China Council, and Governor Shangchen of Hopei, are in avowed agreement. In a recent statement, the latter declared, "As a result of the settlements of the North China question, the complicated matter of asking the Central government for instructions and decisions on all matters has been eradicated." Although not all Chinese observers are willing to admit that the matter has been settled so definitively as this statement would seem to imply, the Japanese have turned themselves irrevocably to the management of North China. Once securely established by political and military guarantees in this position, they can proceed with a stronger policy toward Outer Mongolia and the Soviet.

Morning

An hour ago, the fox
barked on the morning hill.
Now, crouching among his rocks,
he is golden-eyed and still.

An hour ago, he ran,
his great brush stretched to the wind.
Now, with the stirring of man,
he has left the world behind.

Through juniper-scrub and thistle,
tawny he fled at the first
sound of the herdsman's whistle,
when the hidden wood-thrush burst

into a fountain of song.
Quietly now, he lies
stretched beautiful and long,
hearing the herdsman's cries.

With the vixen, he knows how soon,
how swifty will come the haws,
how in the blazing noon
the hounds may trace his paws.

And she, with amber eyes,
comes on delicate feet,
lies down by him and sighs,
finding his dark rocks sweet.

FRANCES FROST.

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TOBACCO MONEY

By LAWRENCE JOSEPH BYRNE

AWAY back in the early part of the seventeenth century King James I of England issued what he chose to call a "Counterblaste to Tobacco." In it he said that the use of tobacco was "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fumes thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." In Russia at that time the playful practise of cutting off the noses of those who smoked tobacco was in vogue.

How times have changed! Today when we wish to act nonchalant all that is necessary is to reach for a particular brand. Some of us, so it is said, would even walk a mile for the "weed." The younger generation knows that the art of "drawing" and "puffing" is quite indispensable for admission into the smart set.

There was a time, as our monetary theorists never tire of reminding us, when tobacco was used as money. Today it is one of the best money-making businesses. Along with the nicotine there is plenty of coin in tobacco. Of course, I do not mean that there is plenty for all—but for those who sit on top of the heap. A survey of this industry which produces more than 100,000,000,000 cigarettes a year along with its other products is illuminating indeed.

Nearly twenty-five years ago (1911) the Supreme Court of the United States ordered that the then existing tobacco trust be dissolved. From the disbanded trust four large companies emerged and today this "Big Four," as it is known, has practically a monopoly on the selling of tobacco products, with the exception of cigars, in the United States. From 85 to 90 percent of the tobacco used, other than for cigars, bears the trade mark of one or another of the "Big Four": Liggett and Myers Company, R. J. Reynolds Company, American Tobacco Company, and P. Lorillard Tobacco Company. The P. Lorillard Company, while much smaller than the other three which are all about the same size, is larger than any of the so-called independents. According to the Federal Trade Commission the "Big Four" pay the same prices for their tobacco, charge the same prices to dealers, and pay their workers the same wages with little variations.

It is doubtful if there is any other major industry which pays its workers less than the tobacco industry when judged from the standard of value of output. In the ten-year period from 1924 to 1934, the "Big Four" earned net profits of $779,000,000. During that same time out of every dollar's worth of cigarettes that they sold to the wholesalers only a fraction more than $.02 went for labor. In 1933, the wholesale value of cigarettes totaled almost $640,000,000. From this sum less than $14,000,000 went for wages to the workers who manufactured the cigarettes. According to figures released by the United States Census of Manufactures, the average wage of employees engaged in the manufacture of cigarettes was $870 a year in 1929, and $614 in 1933—a drop of almost 30 percent over the four-year period. These figures take into consideration only those who actually work on the machines which turn out the cigarettes. They are classed as semi-skilled workers. Before the tobacco is ready for the machines it has to be stemmed. This work is done in plants not connected with the factories and the wages paid to the "stemmers" are much lower than those cited above. In 1933, statistics show that 10 percent of the "stemmers" earned less than $5 per week; 16.7 percent earned from $5 to $8 per week; 21.1 percent earned from $8 to $10 per week; and 38 percent earned from $10 to $12 per week. Thus it can be seen that 86.6 percent averaged less than $12 per week and 48.8 percent averaged less than $10 per week.

While wages in the tobacco industry have gone steadily downward during the depression years the profits of the companies have, with the exception of 1933, gone up. The "Big Four" made more money in the first few years of the depression than they ever before made for a similar period. Over a four-year period (1930-1933) the American Tobacco Company paid out more than $122,000,000 in dividends; the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, $120,000,000; Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company, $78,000,000; and the P. Lorillard Tobacco Company had more than $15,000,000 available for dividends. The profits of two of these companies — the R. J. Reynolds and Liggett and Myers — have been greater during the depression than the total of all wages paid to all workers in the tobacco industry!

One of the reasons why the workers in the tobacco industry are paid such low wages is because those at the top receive salaries and bonuses that are altogether out of proportion. To give one example: George Washington Hill is the president of the American Tobacco Company. In 1928, he received a salary of $75,000 and a bonus of $280,000: a total of $355,000 for the year. In 1929, his salary was $144,000 and

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bonus $461,000: a total of $605,000. In 1930, he got $168,000 as a salary and $842,000 as a bonus: a total of $1,010,000. For 1931, he received $160,000 in salary and $891,000 as a bonus: a total of $1,051,000. His 1932 salary and bonus were $120,000 and $705,000 respectively: a total of $825,000. Mr. Hill's compensation in 1931 was enough to pay the wages of about 2,000 cigarette workers in his factory.

Not only are they paid low wages, but workers in the tobacco industry are being thrown out of jobs by reason of the fact that machinery is fast taking their place. A cigarette machine is capable of turning out more cigarettes in one minute today than the cigarette maker could turn out twenty years ago in one day. Since 1919, the cigarette output has increased twenty times while employment has declined 18 percent.

The "Big Four" have always opposed collective bargaining, and testimony given at hearings early this year held by the Labor Committee of the House of Representatives showed conclusively that workers who attempted to organize were promptly fired. Although the NRA was enacted in June, 1933, it was not until February, 1935, that the cigarette industry was put under a code. It is interesting to note that S. Clay Williams, who is vice chairman of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, played an important part in the NRA set-up during its life. The cigarette code, as finally approved, met with much opposition from the workers in the cigarette factories, and two of the most important independent tobacco companies, Brown and Williamson and Axton-Fisher, expressed a willingness to adhere to a code that was much more favorable to labor. Recently a voluntary code was adopted by the tobacco industry. Although this code is by no means accepted as ideal by the cigarette workers, it is nevertheless better than nothing and is a step in the right direction. Just how well it will be kept by the "Big Four" only the future can tell.

The cigarette industry pays its workers wages which are 30 percent lower than the wages paid by all other manufacturing industries combined, its labor costs are less than those of more than 90 percent of all other manufacturing industries, while at the same time it pays enormous salaries and bonuses. Such a state of affairs should not be permitted.

The workers in cigarette factories and in the plants are not the only ones who are being denied a just and living wage by the greedy few at the top who appropriate the lion's share of the profits. The tobacco farmers have also suffered. For years these farmers have been selling their tobacco crop at a loss. After giving many months of their labor toward raising tobacco plants, the farmers haul the tobacco to warehouses where it is sold to the buyers representing the companies. These buyers are experts and are well informed as to the prevailing price of all the nearly one hundred grades of tobacco. The farmers have no way of knowing whether they are receiving the market price for their tobacco and they are familiar with but five or at the most ten grades of tobacco. Thus they are at a distinct disadvantage. Anyone who has ever been present at one of the warehouses when tobacco is being "auctioned" can readily understand the plight of the farmer. He is practically forced to sell at whatever price offered to him. At this writing there is a bill before the Senate (it has already passed the House) which will, if it becomes a law, go a long way toward helping the farmer get a better and fairer price for his tobacco. The bill stipulates that the farmers shall have at their disposal for a small charge a government expert in tobacco grading who will grade their tobacco for them and also provide them with the price each grade of tobacco is bringing at the various warehouses in the tobacco-growing districts.

How many people realize when they buy a package of cigarettes that those who made them are being paid wages below the minimum required for a bare existence? It is certainly a sad commentary on American life when a favored few are able by exploitation to reap great fortunes. Yes, there is plenty of money in tobacco but it stays at the top of the pyramid and does not trickle down to the laborers who are worthy of their hire.

Paths in the Dew

I found this morning on my lawn
Three early paths towards the dawn,
Before my night of sleep was through,
Three pairs of feet had marked the dew.

I do not know who walked that way
Bound for the border of the day,
But their joined pathways where they went
Made my morning eloquent.

My mind ran backward to a green
In wartime England I had seen
Where many soldiers' feet had passed
On the journey that was last.

Their going there had made a lace
Across the morning and the face
Of the earth, good for an hour
Below the sunlight's rising power.

I do not know what way they died
Or what their names were, but the wide
Years have done no damage to
The words their feet wrote in the dew.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

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THOUGHTS ON SACRAMENTS

By FRANK SCULLY

"UNLESS you become as little children," I thought, as the Bishop of Los Angeles explained to the boys and girls of our parish in phrases as simple as a child's just what the Sacrament of Confirmation was all about.

"Sh-sh," I said aloud to the Skipper at my side. "Sh-sh, the Bishop is talking."

"But I want to see Mamma," he whispered, loud enough to be mistaken for the thunder of God.

We were sitting in the first row of pews, not ten feet from the Bishop's miter and staff, and Mamma was lost in that sea of little children behind us, for Mamma was about to be confirmed.

Mamma had been sentenced to the desert for several weeks for her health, but Mamma was determined not to miss this chance at affirming the Faith she had embraced in France two years before. Skippy, aged three and a half, had been sent to the desert as hostage to hold her there.

It didn't work. Mamma's Viking strain asserted itself and she traveled one hundred miles from the Mojave Desert to our Bedside Manor in Burbank on the eve of Confirmation Sunday at Holy Trinity Church, spent Saturday night hurrying from church to church to find one where the lines for confession weren't reaching half way to Hoboken, and was up for early Mass Sunday morning, dragging what's left of my body with her.

We returned home for breakfast and settled the basis on which this angel had been allowed to revolt. She was to return to the desert immediately after the Sacrament of Confirmation—alone—and complete the cure. With a staff of two I could take care of Skippy, Sylvia and myself. Our first job was to get our little Mamma well.

In that event couldn't she, she wanted to know, take Skippy to the Confirmation.

"And the dog and the cat and the four kittens and Sylvia?" I added with a faint tint of irony.

"They're too small," she replied, "but Skippy is nearly four now and he will understand. It will do him good."

"He can't even say his *Pater Noster,*" I said.

"But he can."

"The only part he remembers without prompting is 'Give us this day our daily bread.' "

"Darling, you know he does better than that," offered his little Madonna from the Scandinavian peninsula.

"When he comes to 'Hallowed be Thy name,' " I said, "he says 'Hollywood be thy name.' Do you call that knowing his prayers?"

She was almost in tears.

"All right," I said, "but on one leg I can't take care of him in church."

Dorothy McEvoy, the daughter of J. P. McEvoy, the author, was with us.

"Dorothy can watch him," said the mother of Skippy.

"Okay," I said, "let's go."

That's the trouble with these converts. No sense of humor. If I had my way, I said to myself as we rode to Burbank, no kid under seven would get in a church even for baptism. They'd get their service outside like gas at a service station. As for bringing them to Mass there ought to be a law. Priests ought to take them forcibly out of the hands of their doting parents at the church door and sequester them in a sound-proof play-room in the sub-cellar till Mass is over. They wiggle, they squirm, they stand on the seats, they face the congregation and grin and when rebuked they cry. They—

"We're here," said the little woman.

The church was crowded to the sidewalk. I turned Skippy over to Dorothy McEvoy, and having seen his mother safely to the adult section of the confirmation class, I looked the church over to see how I could get in myself. Having gate-crashed my way over half the world, I found no difficulty getting a seat in that packed church. So successful was I that I found myself practically in the lap of Bishop Cantwell. His Irish voice was bathing my ears in sacred music when suddenly a voice at my side said, "Where's Mamma?" The son of the gate crasher had proved himself a gyp of the old block.

"Quiet," I whispered.

"I want to see Mamma."

"Mamma's with God."

"I want to be with God."

"You will be, if you don't keep quiet."

I held his wrist. He broke away. He walked to within inches of Bishop Cantwell, a holy man of astonishing concentration, and then looked over the sea of boys in blue serge and girls in white veils. He couldn't see Mamma. He was about to cry out to high heaven, "Where's Mamma?" when I whispered to him, "Follow me. We'll go round the back and look for her."

If he didn't follow me I don't know what I would have done. I couldn't have yanked him out by the ear, that's certain. My hair hasn't been red in ten years, but it felt as if it were on fire as I sneaked out of that church with the imp at my heel. Once out in the open air I breathed a prayer of relief. I could hear Bishop Cantwell nearing the end of his discourse on confirmation. I had successfully double-crossed my son, and had equally successfully routed myself out of the pious pleasure of seeing my wife's brow anointed with holy oils.

Skip and I trudged to the car.

"Mamma's not here," he said.

"No, she's in church."

"I want to go to church."

"You can't ever go again until you can keep quiet"—I saw a mountain beyond us with a big "B" inscribed on its side—"quiet as that mountain," I said.

I began thinking of that "B." It might have stood for "Blessed" or "Bridget" or "Bernardino" or "Benedict" or some other holy man or woman, but it probably stood for Burbank, the eminent agnostic after whom the town was named — the man who could believe in fruit but not in God. A good man gone wrong, I thought.

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"Why can't the mountain talk?" said Skip.

"I don't know why. God told them not to, I suppose, and they obey."

"Because they have no teeth?"

I laughed.

"Can't they talk because they have no teeth?" he pursued.

"Who told you that?"

"There's Mamma!" he cried.

Mamma was coming, all smiles and sanctity, happy almost to tears. We drove her home while she told us all about confirmation, and sat her down to a nice chicken dinner.

"Chickens have no teeth?" asked Skip.

"No, they have no teeth," I said.

"But they talk."

"And get killed for it," I said.

We let it go at that.

THE POET'S DILEMMA

By SEUMAS O'BRIEN

IT WAS a damp, gloomy day, the kind of day that the poet Spenser might have complained of his rheumatics (I'm taking it for granted that he suffered from rheumatism) as he sauntered through the wet grove in the shade of Kilcolman Castle, County Cork, and wondered if "The Faerie Queene," the poem he was working on at the time, would be a best seller, or a classic and placed on a cobwebbed shelf to be read by a few and admired by the many.

The Irish poet who was also influenced by the weather, found himself thinking of his brother craftsman and wondered if his latest book of poems would be read by his fellow countrymen before he was discovered in China and given a pension by the government of Japan. It was now five o'clock. He was lonely and hungry and did not feel like eating alone or making a meal for himself. So he thought of dropping in on some of his friends with his "God save all here," with the hope of being invited to dinner. Quickly he ran over the list of those who always welcomed him—they were not too many—and felt discouraged. He was not in a mood for his wealthy friends. It took too much energy to convince them, no matter how bright they might be, that he was as good as they were, and perhaps better, despite the fact that he was living on his wits, and hadn't a penny to jingle on a tombstone. It was equally hard to convince his poor friends that they were as good as he was when he dropped in on them for a cup of tea and a chat and wandered off after he had said his say. Obstacles seemed to obtrude themselves on his every impulse no matter what he thought of doing.

At long last an inspiration struck him. He would call on his friend the Russian philosopher of Hebrew lineage, the only free man he had ever met. An amazing personality who moved through a world of complexity with the ease and grace of a whale in a friendly ocean. Once the decision was made he left the house with a jaunty step filled with the anticipation of spending a pleasant and profitable evening.

The philosopher who was feeling lonely and hungry also placed a copy of "The Faerie Queene," which he had been reading, on a cobwebbed shelf, and decided to call on the poet and learn more about Spenser. It was his wont, however, never to go empty-handed or empty-headed, for that matter, to any of his intellectual friends. Intellectuality, and impecuniosity, he felt, were nearly always synonymous. Some of the things he disliked most in life were an empty larder, a cold house and a person who was too clever to learn how to cook. Cooking, he maintained, was the first and last of arts, because all the other arts depended on it.

Philosopher and poet left their respective dwellings at the same time. The poet was so full of all he had to say to the philosopher and the philosopher was so full of all he had to say to the poet, that they bumped into each other in the dark, and did not recognize each other. When the poet reached the home of the philosopher, the philosopher was paying a bill at a delicatessen store. Feeling very depressed, the poet, decided to return home, make tea and toast, and wait for the Lord to send him something more substantial.

On his arrival he found the philosopher seated on the door-step reading the evening paper with a flashlight. They greeted each other cordially.

"Have you had dinner yet?" asked the poet.

"Not yet," replied the philosopher, "but I have the makings of one."

They went in and indulged in the usual commonplaces until the kitchen was reached. Then the philosopher opened the parcel and the poet looked on with expectancy.

"Do you like bacon and eggs?" asked the philosopher.

"They are very sustaining, very sustaining indeed," replied the poet. He had lived on them for over two weeks and was ashamed to look a hen or a pig in the face.

"I brought a little gefulte fish along also, fearing that this may be a fast day. I mean a church fast day, not a poet's fast day."

"You are very thoughtful," answered the poet.

The pots and pans began to rattle and the philosopher seemed to be in his natural element.

"I have been thinking a great deal of Spenser lately," he said. "How he survived the Irish, with his superabundance of British dignity, or how they, with their instinctive contempt for the artificialites of life, survived him, is more than I can understand. But you Irish have the capacity for standing a great deal, and you will have to stand more."

"And I have been trying to forget Spenser," said the poet. "I started to read 'The Faerie Queene' when I was little more than a boy, and only got half way through, and have been threatening to finish it ever since. It is one of the things that has always bothered me and one of the last things I want to do."

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"If we would only do the last thing we want to do first, and the first thing last, life would be much easier for all of us. So many of us begin where we should finish, and finish where we should begin. Of course a number neither begin nor finish. They start in the middle and remain there. Now Spenser—"

"In my present mood I prefer to think of Socrates," interrupted the poet. "Socrates—"

"Have you any tomatoes?" asked the philosopher.

"I'm afraid I have not."

"Would you mind going to the store for some?"

"Not in the least."

The poet went on the errand and the philosopher felt relieved. He did not want the tomatoes, but wanted peace while he was cooking. When the poet returned, the table was set. They took their places and the philosopher beamed with delight as he glanced at the gefulte fish.

"'The Faerie Queene,'" began the philosopher.

"I had the floor," smiled the poet.

"So you had," replied the philosopher. "My mistake."

"The glorious thing about Socrates was his consideration for others—the hall-mark of the gentleman. And one of the most touching things in his whole career was the fact that he took a bath before he died. Would that there were more like him," drawled the poet as he cast a glance of stale familiarity at the bacon and eggs.

The philosopher felt disturbed. He had inordinate respect for the great Athenian, and began to think of him as he never thought before. If one went through life without taking a bath, he reasoned, why should a philosopher, of all people, want to break faith with tradition at the last moment? His mind went back to ancient Greece and he thought of the hot summers, the hot arguments, the microbe-laden dust, the absence of napkins and handkerchiefs. He began to think of other great men and wondered if it ever occurred to Praxiteles to bathe or was he—like Michelangelo and the longshoremen—too busy? Was Socrates the survival of the fittest, both physically and mentally? Did the lack of sanitation in his day kill off all the minor poets? Was plumbing responsible for their number today? Countries only slightly acquainted with plumbing produced the greatest poets and artists. Was the plumber more important than the poet and the sculptor? Laurels for the plumber, crumbs for the poet! Heavens! What was the world coming to? After a terrible struggle with his own intelligence he was forced to admit that plumbing, after all was said and done, was civilization, and civilization, as we know it, was plumbing.

He tried to stop the riot of thoughts running through his mind. Turning to the poet he said, as he nonchalantly poured tea into a tall glass: "Did I understand you to say that the great and glorious Socrates (the man who was full of books, but never wrote one) took only one bath in the whole course of his life?"

"No," replied the poet casually. "I meant to convey the idea that he took a bath before he was given the hemlock, so that others would be spared the trouble of washing his body after he had passed away."

The philosopher felt relieved. "I can never forgive those who administered the hemlock," he sighed.

"There is much to be forgiven in this bewildering old world of ours," replied the poet sadly. "The hemlock is found in cups of all shapes and sizes. Socrates died cheerfully because there was no more to live for. In other words, he could not lead his own life any more. And when we cannot do that we die anyway. In our day and age we are so well educated we don't want to lead our own lives. We want to live like the other fellow, and he may be a bigger fool than ourselves. That we have fallen on evil—."

"Another cup of tea?" interrupted the philosopher with all the courtesy of a Chinese nobleman.

"If you please," replied the poet, rising to the occasion.

The door bell rang. A youngster from the next house brought two letters that had been left there by mistake. The poet opened the first eagerly, expecting to find a cheque for a short story that would tide him over his difficulties for a few weeks. It contained a rejection slip. He opened the other. It was a special request from the mad editor of a new high-brow magazine, for a review of "The Faerie Queene" and a biographical sketch, with local color, of its author. And a promise of five dollars for his pains! He read the letter more than once and reviewed in his mind all the prospects of making a fortune with his pen and living on turkey and quail. Then he looked at the philosopher whose complacency disturbed him, and from him to the dirty dishes, and thought of the delicacies he was most likely to enjoy until the fates proved more kind. He felt like speaking aloud, shouting as a matter of fact, but his finer instincts prevented him from doing so. He simply muttered to himself, as he thought of the five dollars and the job before him, "Alas, alas, more bacon and eggs!"

The philosopher felt that the poet had met with another disappointment, buttered more toast, and said in a soothing voice, "The beginning of wisdom is learning to do the disagreeable thing, cheerfully, like Socrates."

The poet made no reply.

Twilight in the Fall

Wildly sways the goldenrod
In banks of fearless bright despair;
From every tree, trusting to God,
The leaves let go upon the air.

Slowly the unresisting light
Blows from the sky like silver sand.
Everywhere is death, the bright
Taper beauty in its hand;

Everywhere is weightless ease
And wind that billows out to space:
O darkened earth, O naked trees,
What is this freedom in my face?

ELIZABETH BOHM.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—The program for Catholic schools during American Education Week, November 11-17, is: Monday, World Peace; Tuesday, Catholic Education; Wednesday, Problems of Youth; Thursday, Social Justice; Friday, Religious Freedom for Mexico; Saturday, The Sanctity of the Home; Sunday, Catholic Action. * * * The fifteenth annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women will be held at Fort Wayne, Indiana, November 16 to 20. * * * According to *L'Osservatore Romano,* of Vatican City, the city of Munich is a bulwark against the attacks of Nazi paganism; *Die Junge Front,* which had a circulation of 160,000 when suppressed, doubled its circulation when it appeared under another name. * * * At the recent National Catechetical Congress at Rochester, New York, Bishop Hafey of Raleigh, North Carolina, declared that the immediate major task of the Church in America was the religious instruction of the 810,000 Catholic boys and girls now attending public high schools. * * * Reverend Gerald Moir of Sudbury, England, a local parish priest, recently declined the invitation of the local council to become mayor of the borough; Father Moir has been active in civic work and was largely responsible for starting a shelter for the unemployed. * * * Impressive ceremonies marked the first anniversary of the 1934 International Eucharistic Congress at Buenos Aires; President Justo laid the foundation stone for a Memorial Cross which will be visible far out on the River Plate. * * * In a letter to Ralph J. Schoettle, special national field commissioner of the Boy Scouts of America, Bishop Schrembs commended the organization for the efficient work of the Boy Scouts at the Cleveland Eucharistic Congress. Boy Scouts in the Diocese of Salford, England, are to be trained how to prepare a sick room for a priest, to baptize in case of need and to serve Mass. * * * On October 28, the first Liturgical Week to be held in England opened in St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham. * * * Henri Ghéon's play, "The Marriage of Saint Francis," has been enthusiastically received by crowded audiences at the Gate Theatre, Dublin. * * * President Cardenas declared, November 5, that Mexican anti-religious laws would be strictly enforced despite the protest of Catholic authorities.

The Nation.—The long-predicted conference of industry and labor to be held under the auspices of the government for the consideration of the whole question of possible NRA substitutes, has been definitely announced for December 9. Coordinator for Industrial Cooperation George L. Berry sent out 5,000 invitations, most of which were accepted. He expects the drafting of a legislative plan for a permanent NRA substitute, acceptable to both business and labor, will follow from the conference. Donald R. Richberg, the final NRA Administrator, has written a book which was quoted last week to show that he does not believe in changing the Constitution so that the Supreme Court would be prevented from checking Congress in such ways as it did in throwing out the old NRA: "Most people are doubtful of the wisdom of economic 'doctors' and suspect (with reason) that their permanent cures may be worse than the diseases." * * * Western kidnapers have been going "back to the Constitution" to defend themselves from the new federal Firearms Registration Acts and the "Lindbergh Law." They hope the Supreme Court will decide that the national government cannot rule on such matters. * * * The Suburban Resettlement Administration, under Rexford Guy Tugwell, announced plans for a third "satellite city" to be built in green areas outside urban centers. This one will be constructed in New Jersey near New York, Jersey City and Newark. The other two are going up in Maryland near Washington and near Cincinnati, Ohio. * * * While earth tremors were still terrifying some parts of the country, notably Helena, Montana, which has been rocked almost perpetually for weeks, a subtropical hurricane rode into Miami, blowing down about $3,000,000 worth of trees and buildings and killing three persons. * * * Oil exports from our southern ports to Italy have increased recently about 600 percent. This is not in line with President Roosevelt's repeated warnings about selling dangerous products to warring nations. * * * Chicago, Illinois, decided to have perpetual daylight saving time (or to go into the eastern time belt), a confusing alteration in the cultural substructure of the region said to be motivated by dislike of the public utilities.

The Wide World.—Military operations in Ethiopia were resumed, the principal action being a drive by the Italian north armies toward Makale. According to dispatches, little attempt was being made by the natives to oppose the advance. Observers reported that Makale, an important caravan center 300 odd miles from Addis Ababa, would fall as soon as the weather and the roads permitted. * * * The international diplomatic situation was clouded by the element of political uncertainty in Britain. Cabinet members defended the government's policy against attack, claiming that the object was not to seek alliances but to strengthen the League as an international instrument. Il Duce spoke in Rome and defied the proposed economic sanctions; and thereupon university students, manifesting their hatred of foreigners and of the English in particular, raided a number of international amusement places and tried to stage an attack on the British Embassy. Feeling was also rather bitter in London, the French seeming to come in for the major portion of abuse. While all this was occurring, it was definitely conceded by M. Laval that efforts to negotiate a settlement of the controversy had failed. The date for beginning the enforcement of economic sanctions was set for November 15. All sides considered it probable, however, that diplomatic talks would continue. * * * The

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Nanking government decreed on November 3 that China would nationalize silver and establish a managed paper currency. This action, comparable to that by which the Roosevelt administration corralled the supply of gold in the United States, was greeted in different ways. Economists believed that the most serious of China's economic problems might thus be solved; but the attitude of various foreign interests was less friendly. The Japanese press asserted that the move had been instigated by Great Britain, which hoped to get control of Chinese banks and railroads in exchange for a loan. * * * On November 4, a plebiscite was held in Greece to determine whether the nation favored a restoration of the monarchy or desired the continuance of republican government. The vote was 45 to 1 in favor of George II, who was deposed twelve years ago. Indications were that the revivification of monarchist fervor had been primarily the achievement of General George Kondylis, whose effective suppression of the Venizelos "revolt" was long since believed to be the handwriting on the wall of Greek republicanism. King George planned to return to the throne promptly. * * * Statements received from dependable sources maintained that opposition to the restoration of the Hapsburgs was waning in Little Entente countries. Czechoslovakia in particular was said to have reached the conclusion that the Archduke Otto would be acceptable, provided certain guarantees were given. Several impressive rallies were staged by monarchists, but no overt sign of approval came from the Schuschnigg-Starhemberg government.

* * * *

The New Naval Race.—Despite general dissatisfaction with the terms of the London-Washington naval treaties, which expire December 31, 1936, there is little hope that in accordance with the 1930 London agreement a new limitation conference will be convened this year. In order to preserve her superiority to any two continental European powers and to protect the English Channel and the North Sea, Great Britain concluded last June a treaty with Germany by which the latter agreed not to exceed a maximum of 35 percent of the total tonnage of the warships of the British Empire regardless of "the construction of the other powers," and was thereby permitted to triple her present naval strength. France thereupon made it known that she was no longer bound by limitation agreements and made plans for the construction of a new 35,000-ton battleship. In the Baltic, Denmark and Sweden embarked on a defensive construction program of lighter vessels, submarines and aircraft, while Soviet Russia is said to have undertaken an intensive submarine and cruiser construction program. In the Mediterranean Franco-Italian naval rivalry has hardly been lessened by the Duce's Ethiopian pretensions and ever since 1922 the two nations have kept pace with each other on cruiser construction. France considers it vital that communications with the man power and natural resources of her North African empire be kept open in the event of war and she has even contemplated the possibility of using Bordeaux and the Atlantic if the Mediterranean is closed to her. In the Pacific there is increasing naval rivalry between the United States and Japan, who is restive about the 5:5:3 ratio and wants a drastic curtailment of offensive arms like capital ships and aircraft carriers, which have a long cruising radius. If her proposals were accepted, Japan would be strategically invulnerable in the Orient, which she regards as her rightful sphere. Naval appropriations for 1935 and 1936 for both nations have reached an all-time high. To quote a recent Foreign Policy Association report, "Should the naval treaties expire without being replaced by any agreement, the only collective experiment in disarmament will have succumbed to the forces which lead to war."

The Elections.—Voters in the New York state elections appeared rather generally to have returned to the political allegiances of 1928. Republicans gained control of the Assembly, the Tammany candidates swept New York City before them, and various up-state counties which strayed from the G. O. P. fold in 1932 were safely back in again. It was pointed out, however, that the total Democratic vote in the state exceeded the total Republican vote by a good margin. Perhaps the most spectacular single contest was that between William F. X. Geoghan and Joseph D. McGoldrick for the office of District Attorney in Kings County. Mr. McGoldrick was buried under an avalanche of votes. In New Jersey, where the New Deal was stressed as the issue though no offices of national importance were filled, the trend was also back to 1928. But in thickly settled Hudson County the Democrats rolled up a huge majority, under the direction of Mayor Hague. Republicans also carried Philadelphia, where the Democrats made a vigorous effort to elect the mayor. The New Deal candidate also lost in a state-wide judgeship election in the Keystone State. National interest focused on Kentucky, where, in spite of Democratic discussion, a Roosevelt man was far in the lead as we went to press.

The Religious Situation in Germany.—Details concerning the arrest of Bishop Legge, of Meissen, were reported. His Excellency was making a formal visitation, and a reception in his honor was in progress. Suddenly members of the secret police appeared, and the Bishop retired to meet them in a separate room. He was dressed in the formal robes of his office, and was taken directly in his own automobile to Moabit prison. The charges on which he is being held grow out of the action taken by the government against his brother, a priest and an official of the St. Boniface Society, who is now also under arrest. * * * It was rumored that the remarks disavowing neo-paganism said to have been made by Hitler came in response to strong protests made by the Bishop of Berlin against Nazi persecution of Catholics. The assumption is that Bishop von Preysing declared that the Concordat would be abrogated by the Church if matters did not improve. Hitler's remarks were apparently credited in many quarters; but immediately, in a display of power, the police arrested and jailed at least seventeen priests. In the majority of cases, the government alleged disrespect for the Leader and the flag. * * * Inside the

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Protestant Church, no settlement had been effected. It was stated, in a New York *Times* dispatch, that Reichsbischof Mueller (whom Church Minister Hans Kerrl is seeking to push into the background) had begun negotiating with Thuringian advocates of a National German Church. Pastors continued to suspect the genuineness of the "settlement" offered them.

Speed Up in China.—China, whose civilization has been the most enduring in the world, last week saw her history speed up frantically. Japan's civilian rulers and military rulers are unified in three absolute demands upon the government of China: that anti-Japanese agitation shall be stopped in the north; that the economic cooperation of Japan shall be accepted; that the spread of Communism in north China shall be prevented. Japanese generals on the Asiatic mainland speak mostly of the last demand and they point out that Communism cannot be stopped in China unless the regular government presents to the people a more obviously tolerable alternative. To create this there must be less taxes, less dishonesty, less money spent on personal armies and less money spent on terroristic leagues, anti-Japanese in character. Now Chiang Kai-shek's power over the regular Nanking government is based half on the "terroristic" league of Blue Shirts which is somewhat of a political party, so breaking the Blue Shirts he would break himself and make Chinese government an even more amorphous thing. And terrorism is a regular feature of Chinese government, taking the place somewhat of constitutional checks and positive law as contrasted to equity. A Chinese official is supposed to be a virtuous man, ruling primarily as virtue and not law dictates. When people think he doesn't, they revolt or assassinate. On November 1, assassins tried to kill Premier Wang Ching-wei and three other officials, supposedly because they were trying to meet Japan's demands. Then on November 3, China called in her silver, doing for it what we did for gold, having been advised by the Englishman, Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, and no Japanese. These events have been proclaimed by the Military of Japan as definitive indications of China's "insincerity," and of the vanity of Foreign Minister Koki Hirota's "negative" policy of getting Jap demands satisfied by negotiation and collaboration with Nanking. They demand a positive intervention in north China, using the army to see that the demands are satisfied, and separating, if necessary, the northern provinces from the southern. Two other notices concluded a wild week. The mayor of Peiping "resigned," making way for a man better liked by local Japanese soldiers, and Chinese houses in Peiping were searched by Japanese on the lookout for Blue Shirt activity. The Soviet government warned Japan that her and Manchuria's brigades should avoid more carefully Soviet territory and border guards.

Catholic Thought.—The Catholic Thought Association bases its work on the proposition that the day's evils start with a false philosophy, a direct antithesis to the belief held by reforming groups who say that the view people have of themselves and the universe is only a "superstructure" of life, a luxury determined by the dialectics of material change. The association has been formed by laymen who feel an obligation to make the "mind of the Church," the Catholic philosophy of life, better known and a more active force in contemporary problems. They hope to build up a body of intelligent Catholic lay thought which will in time leaven the thought of the world and create the foundations for a new Christian civilization. For this purpose they have obtained the cooperation of the Dominican Order and have revived the medieval university idea, wherein itinerant teachers and their students expose and discuss the fundamental questions of philosophy. General lectures are being given on the works of Saint Thomas, and more technical courses for groups who wish exercise in Scholastic method as well as knowledge of Thomistic principles. Dominicans are the regular leaders in these courses, and members of the National Committee of the Association will give lectures in special fields of Catholic culture. Local groups, with their own committees and officers and a large amount of autonomy work under the direction of the National Director, Father Vincent C. Donovan, O.P., 869 Lexington Avenue, New York. Last year the first general course, "Saint Thomas and the Modern World," was given in New York by Reverend H. I. Smith, O.P., of Washington, and appeared to be remarkably successful. On November 15, in the Centre Club of New York, Father Walter Farrell, O.P., S.T.D., will start a four-year course on the "Summa Theologica," with twenty lectures each season. During the winter, courses will also be given in Chicago, New Haven and probably in Milwaukee.

The Seed of the Church.—In a paper contributed to the current issue of *Hochland,* the Munich Catholic review, Professor Erik Peterson, the eminent convert theologian, stresses the significance for our time of the doctrine contained in the Apocalypse. Saint John taught that martyrdom—witnessing—was not an exceptional act, but that act in which the life of the Church finds its ultimate expression. "Accordingly one must not think of the martyrs as persons segregated by themselves, in a manner which enables the rest of the faithful to say, 'God be thanked that there are some martyrs!' " writes Professor Peterson. "No. For, as the Apostle Saint John teaches, the souls of the martyrs do not find rest until their brethren have followed their example. Potentially, therefore, all the faithful are obliged to accept the martyr's burden, for all are signed with the seal of God, which makes apparent their allegiance to the 'Lamb that was slain.' They must 'conquer' because a struggle is forced upon them—because Antichrist carries on war against the 'saints,' in that through the use of the political symbol as an object of worship he seeks to gain a victory over them. They must 'conquer' by becoming visible, visible in the act of giving witness for Jesus. For in this last time everything is summoned to give witness for God. The Angel who testifies that God is warranted in tormenting the cosmos (xvi, 5); the heavenly altar, on which the prayers of the Church are offered (xvi,7); and last

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of all, man—all are summoned to give testimony for God and against this cosmos in which the dragon rules and in which the Antichrist and the false Prophet have appeared. For, as Saint Paul says, 'none of us lives a private life, and none of us dies a private death.' "

Missions in Ethiopia.—According to a recent report in the N.C.W.C. News service, "no serious difficulty has arisen" thus far in the Catholic missions in Ethiopia. The Prefecture Apostolic of Kaffa, just west of Addis Ababa, entrusted to Italian Missionaries of the Consolata (Turin), numbers 3,300 Catholics. The Sacred College of the Propaganda has given permission for half the missionary personnel to return to Italy, but none of them have left the prefecture. In less danger just now is the Vicariate Apostolic of Ethiopia, which was founded by the Venerable de Jacobis in 1839. Its 2,500 Catholics are served by 11 French Lazarist missionaries, 13 native priests, 4 Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul and 20 native Sisters. The Vicariate Apostolic of Gallas, which was founded by the Italian Capuchin Cardinal Massaja in 1846, now numbers nearly 11,000 Catholics who are served by 17 French Capuchins, 15 native priests, 32 European Sisters, 29 native Sisters, 6 European lay Brothers and 14 native lay Brothers. In the Italian colony of Eritrea, there is a native Ordinariat of the Oriental Rite with a native bishop, 76 priests, 78 religious and 28,000 faithful, all natives. The Pontifical Ethiopian College in Vatican City was founded by Benedict XV in 1919. According to Ethiopian law the preaching of the Catholic religion is absolutely forbidden and only the personal favor of Emperor Haile Selassie, who was brought up under the influence of the Capuchin Vicar Apostolic, the Most Reverend André Jarosseau, makes the continuation of the missions there possible.

* * * *

For Better Rural Life.—The thirteenth annual convention of the Catholic Rural Life Conference held at Rochester, New York, October 27 to 31, passed a series of resolutions on rural rehabilitation. Cooperation, "a practise in harmony with the essential spirit of Christianity," is the way to save "man in general and rural society in particular [from the] self-destruction and chaos brought about by hatred and greed." Church leaders should "strive to prepare their people for cooperative organization by the formation of adult study clubs after the pattern established by St. Francis Xavier University in Nova Scotia and the folk-schools of Denmark. . . . Cooperative institutions, in the economic order, whether they be for production, marketing or commerce, are frustrated of their genuine purpose unless those who take part in them enjoy the control of credit, as the sinews of effective enterprise in our present order. The cooperative principle, therefore, is opposed to the surrender of credit control to the state, as it is opposed to its exploitation by the individual for purely private interests. Rural welfare demands the control of credit by the people, within the limits of such regulation as is necessary for the welfare of the state and nation. The credit union organized along parish or community lines is an approved agency at hand for the accomplishment of such control, and may well become the basis of a solution of the farmer's credit needs. . . . It is not the office of the civil power, whether it be the state or the federal government, to impose cooperation from above; but rather to aid cooperative institutions, which would arise from voluntary effort of the people themselves." The resolutions also declared that the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine had been particularly effective in meeting the needs of the religiously underprivileged rural child and that the future of American agriculture depends upon the preservation of the integrity of family life and morals. "The study of the liturgy of the Church and the participation of our rural people in the liturgy according to the mind of the Church as the spiritual basis of the communal spirit and the source of Christ-like living and apostolic social action" was also strongly recommended. The conference commended the government's resettlement and subsistence projects and its steps to increase individual proprietorship.

Modernism and Venice.—Le Corbusier, the French architect and prophet of a new architecture and new urbanism, is now touring America. The artist, whose real name (which he uses only as painter) is Charles-Edouard Jeanneret, is forty-seven years old, and since 1921 has been perhaps the most famous advocate and practitioner of "modernistic," "functional" architecture and the most exciting exponent of radical city planning. In 1923, he was a thoroughly ascetic propounder of a "new classicism," everything straight lines, mathematically precise, devoid of ornament, made from factory materials naked to the eye, completely intellectualized. At that time he talked of houses as "machines to inhabit," and he painted cities terrifying in their stark rationalism. An exhibit just held in the Museum of Modern Art of New York shows his development in particular buildings and interiors toward much greater warmth, lyricism, variety in materials and complexity and variation of line. Indeed, his proclaimed "phantasy" keeps his work from being sufficiently clean, although it is still altogether "modernistic." Also, thinking of city problems, he gets the habit of elevating his masses out of relationship with the earth in order to facilitate circulation, and he utilizes flat roofs as gardens, points which seem silly in country houses such as his famous Savoye House in Poissy-sur-Seine. The New York exhibition contained a model for the proposed city of Nemours, Algeria, which showed his present ideas of town planning. "La ville radieuse" is his ideal, built for the delight of its inhabitants, embodying the "essential joys" which give the material aid to freeing and filling the spirit. Only 12 percent of the land should be devoted to buildings; elevated highways should carry arterial traffic; the ground should be open for all outdoor activities; glass should be the dominant material in construction. Strangely, Le Corbusier told reporters that he considers Venice, most medieval of cities, the closest of contemporary ones to the framework and spirit of his human and livable "radiant city."

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The Play

By GRENVILLE VERNON

On Stage

"ON STAGE" has an interesting idea, but one which requires for its presentation both a poet and a psychologist—and also a dramatist. Mr. B. M. Kaye is certainly not a poet, as a psychologist he is a pale echo of Pirandello, and, though he has a certain sense of the theatre, he does not give the impression of being a true dramatist. His play would probably never have been written if it had not been for Pirendello. This doesn't mean that Mr. Kaye has deliberately copied "Six Characters in Search of an Author," but he has certainly taken its theme and stood it on its head. The result is dizziness, but not an interesting dizziness; the dizziness of mental confusion, rather than that caused by intellectual and emotional agility. Perhaps we never quite know what Pirandello is driving at; but what Mr. Kaye is driving at we don't much care.

In "On Stage" he gives us a playwright who goes to sleep and in his sleep his characters do some things which he has not intended them to do, but the way in which they do them and the things that they do are not particularly interesting. Their doings certainly confuse us, but they do nothing else. They are neither absorbing in themselves, nor is the language in which they are clothed sufficiently imaginative to interest us. Arthur Bingham Walkley once wrote that the basic law of the theatre is the expression of thought through emotion, and this is a pretty true statement of the case. To interest us an intelectual play must have a basis in reality; we must be interested in the characters themselves.

Of course it is true that there are playwrights who have by the sheer brilliancy of their intellectual ratiocination managed temporarily to set this rule at defiance. Shaw and Pirandello are two of these, though both Shaw and Pirandello are at their best when their characters live outside their creator. Witness, for instance, "Candida." But Mr. Kaye is neither a Shaw nor a Pirandello, and though he must be praised for his desire to give us something which is thought provoking, it is his intention rather than his performance which must be approved.

The acting was adequate, though it did not seem as if the actors or director were quite sure whether the play was comedy or of a more serious type of drama. The pace was too slow for the former, and yet we could never be interested in the melodramatic moments. Osgood Perkins as the playwright bore the brunt of the evening, and worked hard in his accustomed crisp incisive manner, but did not seem at his best. Selena Royle has also been more effectivtly cast than she was as Eleanor, and the same goes for the playwright's friend of Donald Macdonald. Claudia Morgan was good in her emotional scene, and Frederic Worlock and Alan Marshall did the best they could with their parts, while Harry Gresham was amusing as the messenger boy. But the actors probably should no be blamed, for bricks cannot be made without straw. (At the Mansfield Theatre.)

There's Wisdom in Women

THIS is a play that has been written a thousand times—the story of a great musician whose wife understands and forgives his philandering. Sometimes, as in "The Concert," a brilliant comedy is produced, but more often we get just what Mr. Kesselring gave us. Such a play must be brilliantly conceived and clothed in witty dialog, or it is nothing. Mr. Kesselring has written some amusing lines and has concocted some amusing situations, but the play as a whole, and especially the first act and three-quarters of the second act, is repetitious and forced. I will not go into its morality, for though the pianist's wife is strictly virtuous and though this virtue is at the end rewarded, the moral confusion which is so evident in the modern theatre is certainly not absent either from dialog or situation. The best part of the play is the acting of Walter Pidgeon as the pianist and of Ruth Weston as his wife. Mr. Pidgeon proves himself an actor of unusual resource, and despite his masculine quality a master of the comic touch. Moreover, he really plays the piano, and plays it exceedingly well. Miss Weston shows that she is fast becoming one of the most capable actresses on the American stage. She has distinction, a sense of comedy, and especially of the timing of a speech, that ought to bring her far. In addition, she has feeling. (At the Cort Theatre.)

"Realism" in Language

THE MORAL and esthetic limits permissible to language in the theatre have never been definitely defined, but it is certain that some such limit should be fixed. No one could accuse "Dead End," for instance, of being an immoral play, indeed its lesson is a much needed one, for the children of the slums are an ever-present problem, but some of the language of the children in Mr. Kingsley's play is appalling. Undoubtedly slum children speak exactly as do these children, and to put into their mouths words which they would never use would certainly vitiate the whole idea of the play; but whether it is permissible to make them talk with the realism they display at the Belasco Theatre is another matter. Some of their expressions have been deleted from the original manuscript, and stage direction has made unintelligible other portions, but enough is still heard to cause the goose-flesh to rise on any normal man or woman. Even leaving aside any moral considerations, do not these expressions by this very quality of shock take away from the complete picture? After all, art is a matter of selection. To say all is to say too much, and these children at times come perilously near to saying all. "Dead End" needs further cutting in the children's lines, a cutting which will harm the play not in the least.

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Communications

I AM YOUNG IN 1935

Dubuque, Iowa.

TO the Editor: To be young in 1935 is really to be old. In the two decades of our lives has been crowded so many "highs" of history, so many changes in thought, such social revolutions. Born at the opening of the greatest war, our earliest memories hold confused visions of bands, marching men, worried parents, glaring newspapers. We spent our childhood in the booming post-war period getting accustomed to having what we wanted, and our adolescence in learning to do without what we had come to believe were necessities.

And all this time the world around us was trying to settle, and was merely turning over and over causing disturbances. The "flaming-youth" era was really on the decline before we were old enough to take a part in it. But we felt and saw the results of all this "settling" in unhappy people, broken homes, dissolving governments. We sensed, before we were old enough to know, the fields and schools of new thought and new ideas that lay beneath this social and political turnover.

We were shocked and puzzled when we first discovered that the majority of today's thought, art, literature, was based on a philosophy of life totally at variance with the principles and ideals that our homes and schools were striving to engender.

Against this background of complexity and confusion youth stands today of necessity braver and more thoughtful than youth of other days. At what other period were there found so many young men and women taking an active interest in social and political affairs? Because there are more problems to face, because the confusion of the past and present points to a greater confusion of the future, youth feels that it must step in where age has failed. And the youth of 1935, seasoned by a century of experience within a third of a life time, and disciplined by the depression, is a thinking, visioning, practical group. It is struggling against handicaps never before encountered; it is striving to understand and help readjust the social order; it is creating new positions, new fields of enterprise, now that the old have been closed to it without trial; it is striving to reconcile modern life with Christian ideals. In some cases the odds have proved too great and young people, unguided, bewildered, and beaten by unemployment and prevailing disorders, have turned to radical youth movements or to criminal groups.

But that youth of 1935 educated according to Christian principles, with the firm life-line of Catholicism stretching from the past through the crowded confusion of the present, accepts the future as a challenge. With the vision and the idealism of the youth of all ages and with the added wisdom and experience of today to back us, who can say that we will be swept under by the high waves of depression, modernism or Communism? Who can say that we must fail merely because those who have gone before us have failed?

VIRGINIA DONOVAN.

THE ALBANY CRIME CONFERENCE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Your editorial on "The Albany Crime Conference," in the issue of October 18, contains conclusions that appear to be too hastily drawn. Obviously some of the conclusions were drawn from newspaper accounts of the conference, for you state that "the 'G-Men' spirit—the 'treat 'em rough' stuff—was unduly emphasized; or, at least, appears to be so in the headlines in the newspapers." Had you stated that the newspapers gave undue emphasis to this phase of the conference you would have been much nearer the truth.

The newspapers seized upon those phases of the conference upon which there was a wide divergence of opinion and gave considerable publicity to them. Little was said of the quieter aspects of the meeting. Perhaps it was this fact that led you to state: "The question of rehabilitation was almost completely ignored by the Crime Conference. . . . It refused to discuss rehabilitation. . . ."

The fact is that the conference did not refuse to discuss rehabilitation. On the contrary, some thirty hours were given over to discussions, either of rehabilitation itself, or of problems closely related to it. These problems were discussed at the round-table on Institutional Care, and also at the round-table on Probation, Parole and Rehabilitation. The objective set forth in these two groups were: the care and treatment of prisoners while in the institutions, so that they may be returned to society as better citizens; and the proper supervision of released prisoners, with a view to social readjustments. The question of rehabilitation received more attention in the conference than any other single question.

Furthermore, this problem of rehabilitation has been the concern of Governor Lehman's Commission for the Study of Educational Problems in Penal Institutions for a little short of two years. Already a new educational program has been set up in Elmira Reformatory, Clinton Prison and Wallkill Prison, the object of which is rehabilitation and social readjustment of inmates in these institutions. In all probability this program will be extended to other institutions of the state in the near future. At the Albany Conference Dr. N. L. Englehardt, chairman of the commission, gave a full account of the commission's work and its relation to the whole question of rehabilitation.

WILLIAM MCKEE.

CATHOLICS AND THE CRISIS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: May I beg the courtesy of your columns for a word on the surprising incident referred to by Mr. Williams in his most intersting article, "Catholics and the Crisis," in the issue of September 27. I find it surprising because as an American of Irish descent I have everywhere in England met with a spirit of sympathy and cooperation from English Catholics.

A few months ago I returned from a summer vacation spent working with the Catholic Evidence Guild in London. I found my fellow workers much interested

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in Catholic progress in America and inclined to an attitude of admiration. I often heard it said, "We have no Catholic weekly equal to THE COMMONWEAL" and "We have no group making such interesting social experiments as Dorothy Day and the *Catholic Worker* group." Even the non-Catholic crowds received my American self in the friendliest fashion.

All this made the incident described by Mr. Williams surprising to me. I was debarred by my sex from attending the dinner at which it occurred, but have tried to get various angles on it from English friends. I was reminded that the chief critic of America at the dinner was in fact, despite the excellence of his English style, a Frenchman who, when occasion offers of comparing England to Latin Europe, does so in a tone that can only be called abusive of England. It is not surprising that a Latin European should feel more at home in Latin Europe than in America. The other speaker—a young journalist with a reputation for wit to sustain—can be disregarded.

Obviously the disconcerting element to an American was the laughter with which the speeches were received. Here I think we touch an odd point in British mentality. Such laughter with them does not imply agreement. One English friend to whom I talked said, "I always laugh. I never agree." It is the sort of laughter accorded to a privileged court jester.

While then I feel that these two speakers showed a great want of good manners to guests, I am quite certain the incident signifies nothing concerning the real English Catholic outlook toward America. I heard of it first in an annoyed and contemptuous mention from an English friend who much wished he had been given the opportunity to reply. But he added that he chiefly wished this lest the American guests of England should take seriously what Englishmen had learned to take with a grin—depreciation of the man called Nordic by the man who prizes a Latin origin.

I appreciate deeply the work of Mr. Williams and of THE COMMONWEAL in the direction of world-wide cooperation between Catholics, and I am only anxious that your readers should know that such a spirit is also abroad among English Catholics and that I met it universally among those who are actually working for the Church.

HELEN ROACH.

Mansfield, Ohio.

TO the Editor: The constantly growing support for political activity has stirred interest in the fields of both politics and industry to such an extent that no man seems to know how to even conduct his own business with any degree of certainty, or intelligently join with political forces that are striving to discover the elixir of life in our national politics.

When your humble reader finishes the article, "Catholics and the Crisis," in the September 27 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, he can enter into the spirit of thought to at least a limited degree. The milling business is in a similar position to the contents of that article and can be measured fairly well by the indifferent conduct that is quite evident in Catholic groups. The writer is of the opinion that this indifference is due to hidden and unexplainable causes and are beyond our power, seemingly, at present to understand. However, I have the pleasure of some degree of activity among different groups of people, and that indifference emphasizes itself on all occasions.

I attended a millers convention at the Edgewater Beach Hotel last June where the heads of the milling firms throughout the United States were assembled. They have had years of experience and training in their work but were wholly lost in their inability to reach any definite conclusion on any plan that might be regarded as constructive and helpful. After a two-day session at great expense they returned to their homes really no wiser than they came.

If there is someone associated with this magazine that would lead out in ideas on the material things of life wholly aside from the hereafter, it might prove interesting reading. Our regimental plan has developed into an anesthetic as far as individual initiative is concerned, and in their dreams they are looking to the government for guidance.

T. J. HANLEY.

CONQUEST YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor: We of America who are Americans, especially we who can trace our ancestry back in whole or in part to the little island home of Magna Carta, of Alfred and Arthur and Richard Coeur de Lion, may God grant that we do not become asphyxiated with the gas of war lust anew. And may the League of Nations remember that it was designed with the hope of preventing, not fomenting, another world war. We who have felt and are still feeling at our own firesides the havoc of the last holocaust, how we dread another, though all our own be slain.

And how strange it seems that we who have remunerated Hawkins and his successors for the spoils they snatched from the west of Africa, should be so concerned about its east coast; that we who only yesterday refused to outlaw lynching of the fairly civilized descendants of those forced immigrants, should object to a civilized nation maintaining a protectorate over those far-away tribesmen, a protectorate which could be assumed without bloodshed if the Ethiopians did not hope for the intervention of other European powers; that we who have seen the mother land from which we revolted take the great southland of the Dark Continent from the Dutch and the fertile valley of the Nile from the natives, should grow so wroth because another seeks a tiny bit more of land which is right at his door—and after having promised this very nation more, in return for its assistance in the World War.

War is indeed terrible, too terrible for any of us to do other than pray that it may not extend any further, and that those already involved may soon enjoy the peace that Christ came to bring us.

ANASTASIA M. LAWLER.

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Books

One Child

The Longest Years, by Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WITHOUT the structure, the emotional range, the depth of meaning, of Mrs. Undset's other books, "The Longest Years" may yet go down in literary history as her most purely delightful book. For it gives us the unsullied fountain-head of impressions from which all later meanings flow. It is the account (supposedly the largely autobiographical account) of the growth of a little girl from babyhood to about her tenth year: and the completeness with which it achieves its purpose is another mark of the high skill, the art that seems almost beyond art, of the writer. There is none of the scaffolding of the full-grown novel here—no revealing crisis assists and inspires; no meaningful situations, no clash of personalities, none of the psychological material which is habitually translated into terms of character significance, prompts the author and aids the reader. Yet this story of Ingvild Seming—the small, unremarkable tissue of facts which makes up the life of a child—finds Mrs. Undset presiding as truly over, and revealing as infallibly, a heart whose feeling is yet largely instinct and a mind yet scarcely capable of judgment, as she presides over and reveals those hearts and minds full-fibered, seasoned in choice, complicated by love and sin.

She writes of a child with a complete knowledge of all a child means; her approach is not special. She has not the suffering sense of the ludicrousness of the young which is the basis of Tarkington's half-cruel comedy, nor on the other hand does she feel too much mere sensibility. She has rather, for childhood, a sort of dry respect, which marks its comedy accurately, does not dwell too long over its tragedy, and above all seizes the portent of its deep, onward movement toward life. Through this medium, so perfect because so objective, she renders for us not only Ingvild's growth in personality and in moral being, but also that quality which hangs over the opening of life and makes of it the standard by which all ensuing poetic experience is judged.

In small, casual strokes, with magical simplicity, the child's whole milieu is given to us; we see everything through her eyes, and yet it makes a picture external and complete: the father, the gentle archeologist, who shared with Ingvild from babyhood an intellectual wealth of which she, and we, only guess the great importance; the spirited, individual, impatient mother, whose often hard rulings were as much a matter of course to the child as was her love; the baby sisters, Marit designing and irresistible, Birthe wild and aloof; the streetful of friends, so absorbing as experiences, so easily lost as personalities; the life at school, often unhappy and unsatisfying, but somehow vital. We are aware of the household, increasingly straitened as the father's health fails—shabby, struggling, yet never immersed in the material and lifted far above vulgarity. There is the succession of houses which the Semings inhabit, always in the dingier parts of Chris-

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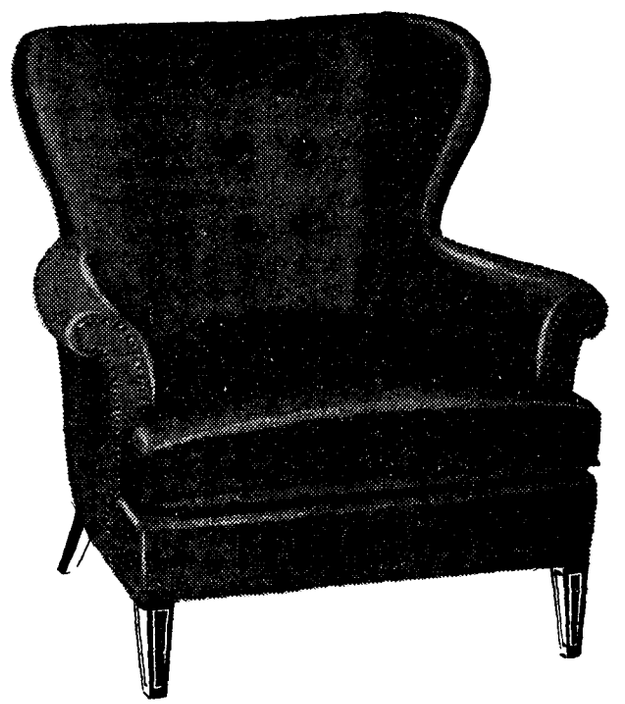

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Next Week

THOUGHTS ABOUT EUROPE, by Ludwig Freund, presents in a remarkable, somewhat analytical, somewhat mystical manner the absolute need for men who will "live the commandments" of the Church if Europe is not "to be subjected to oppression and disintegration at the hands of other anti-Christian spiritual forces." Believing the fate of Europe is unquestionably destruction and material and spiritual primitiveness, he looks to see what may build up again the West. . . . The chaplain of Sing Sing Prison, Reverend John P. McCaffrey, contributes in his article, PAROLE CAMPS OR HOMES, a clear suggestion, and indeed a challenge, to the states to develop under their parole boards establishments to care for men on parole while they are adjusting themselves to regular life in the community. Pointing to the success of experiments, especially in Russia, he states the belief that we can create a method of protecting society while at the same time giving the men and women without homes, jobs or gang support, the chance of finding productive means of caring for themselves. . . . MODERN PSYCHOLOGY AND THE MASS, by John A. O'Brien, describes with rare adequacy, the Mass with its ceremonies as a psychological means "to induce a mental attitude and emotional tone that harmonizes with the overt act of homage." The Mass is shown to be a superb exemplification of the "basic principles and latest findings of modern psychology in the domain of religious worship." . . . Louis J. A. Mercier, in the brilliant essay, THE TREND TO DUALISM, tells that humanism is past the stage of "uncertainly oscillating between naturalism and supernaturalism," and is much nearer philosophic Thomism. It means "fundamentally the doctrine of man as such, essentially distinct both from God and from the rest of nature." The immediate duty he finds is "to continue to establish contacts and understandings on this basis." No one speaks with greater authority and clarity on the subject of humanism, and no one gives the subject a more dynamic vitality.

tiania. And finally there is the father's death, tragically felt, inevitably surmounted, as the little family draws closer together and goes onward.

All of this goes into the expansion and solidifying of Ingvild's mind and character. There is her emergence from the autocentric greed of babyhood to a perception of the superior prerogatives of Little Sister. There is her love for her parents as profound as it is unformulated, and her bottomless security in her home, a feeling with which encroaching poverty has nothing to do. There is her purity—suddenly realized when it is affronted—a cleanness of mind and instinct which yet has no relation to religion, since the Semings are the type of liberal Protestants to whom childhood bedside prayers are the most express token of faith. The one touch by which the author betrays what may be in store for Ingvild later is the brief flash, against this almost pagan background, of the realization that God and the love of God may have an import deeper and more troubling than any "religion tinctured with the syrup of geniality" would have her believe. There is Ingvild's acceptance, under punishment painful but unresented, of the fact that lying to escape the consequences of wrongdoing, is iniquitous And there are her faults: her cowardice in face of another's trouble, her growing response to the snobbery of some of her playmates, and her fierce, self-disdaining effort not to succumb.

And running parallel to this course of development is the other strain, in which the enchantment of the book especially resides. There is a sense, so complete that it is conveyed as a commonplace, of the poetry of childhood: the sharp, all-satisfying response to the elements of life as they actually are. All those impressions and perceptions which re-create life anew in the child, all that seizing of "ordinary" images and sensations which makes the child's consciousness a register of delight, are here. It matters little which are chosen for mention—the weather tower against the sky, whose strangeness filled her with foreboding, the smell of the flowers at grandfather's, the warm sand at the country cottage, the exciting aspects of new places, the knife-blade treasured in secret, the snow to flounder in, the currants to eat—each comes to us, as it comes to Ingvild, with the authority of first knowledge. Each reminds us, without words, of the divinity in common experience, which we forget when childhood passes. This beautiful book should reawaken that memory in many of us, adding measurably to the debt of gratitude we already owe the writer.

MARY KOLARS.

The Bolshevist Record

The Russian Revolution, by William Henry Chamberlain. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two volumes, $10.00.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLAIN has written his book with a very deliberate air of distant historical retrospect. It is almost as though he were writing an important work on the French Revolution, with the political and economic issues contemporaries

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saw in the crisis subdued by the cynicism of time, and with only the pitiful problem of the ever-failing behavior of people still vivid. His curiosity seems chiefly stimulated to find out how the people acted and what were all the separate causes that brought the tremendous effects. In history he believes "there is only the working out of the law of cause and effect," a statement which is not packed with meaning because he is singularly free from attempts to compare and coordinate causes—indeed, from any recognition of any historical "law" at all: there are simply a lot of causes existing which lead to many complex effects, things happening.

Chamberlain's history is fascinating to read after Trotzky's, and it is even more interesting to glance through Trotzky's work again after being instructed by Chamberlain's. They are both large and fine works, but in altogether different worlds. Differences in fact are not very consequential; if there were none at all the books would be little closer together. The disparities would mostly be teleological and, according to Trotzky, therefore "fruitless." That is, they would influence us in deciding what ought to have happened, and with the common declarations of the two authors there is plenty of basis for debate on that and a closer correspondence would probably not lessen it. It is also a question of what people think *must* be, but in studying history this problem is hard to disentangle from the moral question.

Chamberlain's book is a good history of the Revolution; Trotzky's is a brilliant part of it. It will be studied in connection with Russia just as the decrees of the first Soviet Congresses. It is not even a source book, but the thing. Its amazing conception of history—"a succession of victories of consciousness over blind forces, in nature, in society, in man himself"—its eschatological belief in the soviet system as crowning the ascent of humanity and bringing for the first time light into the deeper sphere of the unconscious, the realm of social relations, are phenomena worthy the study of historians like Chamberlain who take no such naive view.

"Bread, Peace and Land" were what the Russian people in both versions demanded with revolutionary insistence. According to Trotzky these demands were well-fitting parts of the whole Marxian structure and could be interpreted as simply "Marxism," or at least as the totalitarian dictatorship of the proletariat controlling all productive property. In Chamberlain the drama of historic elements clinking into metaphysical compartments is missing. He does not seem to think that land, peace and bread could have been obtained only in Lenin's way. Marxism came because coupled with that demand were the war and czarism and the Bolshevik party. And czarism meant a repressed middle class, poverty, illiteracy, a state customarily beating down the masses, political ignorance and unreality for the bourgeoisie and poor, an enormous proportion of uprooted people and traditional political passivism and class hatred. The repercussions these brought in the deadful years of 1917-1921 are scrupulously written down.

The emphasis of the two volumes is rather strange.

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THE JOURNEY OF THE THREE KINGS ($1.00) by Henri Gheon is a play for small children, about the first Christmas gifts. To read or act it will make the crib very real and living. There are plenty of pictures.

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THE ANGEL OF THE SCHOOLS ($1.25), a book about St. Thomas Aquinas by Raissa Maritain, and ST. GERMAINE OF THE WOLF COUNTRY (50c) by Henri Gheon are for children old enough to like saints for their sanctity. Both are definitely Lives of the Saints for Children, but, if we may say so without being misunderstood, neither is at all depressing. Both have lively illustrations, the first by Gino Severini.

THE PINK BOOK OF VERSE ($1.85), compiled by Augusta Monteith, is a perfect first poetry book. It contains all the old nursery rhymes, as well as a great many new ones and lots of pictures by Robin and Mai. The type has been especially designed by Eric Gill. What more could anyone ask at the age of three? Or even six?

THE SUN, THE MOON, AND A RABBIT ($3.00*) is Mexican folklore collected and translated by Amelia del Rio, with illustrations by Jean Charlot, who illustrated our Christmas catalogue last year. If you like his work you will like this book; if not, not. Children will like it, anyway.

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In the first place, ending them in 1921 at the inauguration of Lenin's new economic policy (less purely communistic than the previous system of "war communism" and less hopefully international) gives the impression many will object to that during the life of Lenin Russia decided for "socialism in one country," and in fact began a compromising trend destined to lead back to some sort of capitalism. The author's belief that it was more remarkable for the Bolsheviks to have remained in power than to have seized it makes him dwell disproportionately on the civil wars and foreign interferences which were monotonous and which successively proved the bankruptcy of the opposition. While writing the negative chapters on the opposition he is not thoroughly satisfying us concerning the power of the group which continued in control.

In spite of its careful historicity, Mr. Chamberlain's book impresses one most by the illumination it gives to current problems. The primitive struggle of brutal forces is not confined to distant Eurasia. The techniques of mastering men, the sciences of insurrection and reaction, have a wide application. All men can hate and fear and kill. Moral issues can be speciously simplified anywhere by a ruthless use of barricades. It is a history that merits close study; it is one of which much seems threateningly written on a wall.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

A Brilliant Optomist

Fox, by Christopher Hobhouse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

THERE have been a number of biographies of Charles James Fox, and there will undoubtedly be many more. He was one of the most extraordinary figures of English history, and it is probable that no one will ever be able to put his finger on the mainspring of his nature.

The fact is he is a paradox. A man who knew him well said, "Charles Fox was not only the most extraordinary man I have ever seen, but also the best man." And Gibbon wrote, "Perhaps no human being was ever more exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity or falsehood." Yet Fox was a gambler, a libertine and often an opportunist. As Mr. Hobhouse writes, "His principles were consistent to a fault; in action he was a scandalous opportunist."

From these contradictory statements to draw the portrait of the real man is too much to ask of any biographer, and Mr. Hobhouse leaves one as puzzled as have all his predecessors. One thing is certain, Fox was a man of infinite charm, and his emotions were warm and generous. To the contradictions in his nature Mr. Hobhouse offers the explanation that Fox was a Stuart, the great-grandson of Charles II, possessing all the lack of judgment, recklessness, intemperance and unreliability of that House, as well as its incomprehension of law. Yet this same man at times threw himself with utter unselfishness into causes which appealed to the generosity of his spirit.

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In his admiration for Fox Mr. Hobhouse does Pitt rather less than justice, yet in his hatred of the French Revolution he does Fox himself an injustice. "Fox had forgotten the lesson Burke taught him twenty years back —to judge a tree by its fruits. All the fruits of the French Revolution were poisonous, and he should have known from that, that it sprang from a poisonous root. . . . The French Revolution produced no single leader who was not detestable; while it destroyed much that was bad, it substituted nothing that was not worse." Mr. Hobhouse is certainly a Tory and a very English one. But Fox, with all his faults, was a broader man than that, and his championship of the Revolution was not entirely without cause.

Yet Mr. Hobhouse has written a fascinating monograph, and the reader comes away from it with the feeling of having spent a few hours with one of the most interesting personalities and one of the most inexplicable eccentrics of the English race.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Out of Maine

Red Sky in the Morning, by Robert P. T. Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

FEW IN America today can excel Mr. Coffin when he writes of his home, the state of Maine. He knows its tides, its coastline, its passing ships and its passing people. He knows its sounds and its odors, its homeliness and its severity. Yet it would appear that at present his prose is more adapted to the flexibility of the biography than to the compactness of the novel.

In this, his first novel, one feels throughout the need of finish. It is as though the author, impelled by the powerfulness of his theme, plunged too hurriedly into his writing; thus his product is sketchy and uneven in its merit. As in his earlier book, "Lost Paradise," the beginning is poor. It drags. Its sentence structure is filled with awkward repetitions. This is particularly evident in the first chapter, where Will's name is too frequently repeated.

Then too, eager for the story, which promises much, one is apt to resent constantly stumbling on such sentences as these: "It was a long way to the boiling spring his father wanted the water from for David." "The cold day was leaning up hard on Will's left side. As Will came up a mound of frozen spindrift, the whole dark ocean lifted up along the black ledges."

As in "Lost Paradise," the author is dealing with an adolescent boy more sensitive than virile. But whereas the subject matter of the earlier book lends itself well to Mr. Coffin's gift for whimsicality, hearty humor and restraint, that of "Red Sky in the Morning" by its very nature leans toward melodrama. Its theme is that of "Hamlet": a boy, passionately devoted to his father, causes the death of a relative whom he believes to be his mother's lover. But instead of the sword, he uses a lobster net which he has woven ominously. In Chapter III the author reaches his highest mark.

VIRGINIA CHASE PERKINS.

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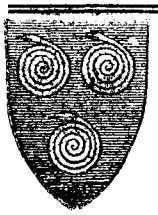
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Contrasts

Made in America, by George Madden Martin. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.00.

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN, who has already so many laurels in her crown and has brought so much honor to her homeland by former achievements, has added to both by her recent success, "Made in America." It is a remarkable book in many ways—in the broad scope of knowledge of the intricacies of politics in a bygone age, in the wide range of social types understandingly portrayed, in the strength of handling of the whole plot. Mrs. Martin's depicting of the charming little Southern belle, her chivalrous courage in daring public opinion to save Sherry, and the description of the death of Sherry's generous, childlike, uneducated mother, so minutely correct in its religious detail, all this evinces painstaking genius. But the supremely compelling thing about the story is the attitude that pervades it, that Sherry had lost more than he had gained, in giving up spiritual things, even though he had been showered with temporal success. For the sake of that atmosphere in the book, I wish it might fall into the hands of every immigrant boy coming into our country, and be widely read, as it deserves.

Lost Equilibrium

World Finance: 1914-1935, by Paul Einzig. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

BY ALL odds one of the few genuinely important books which have been written about the economic phenomena of the depression. Dr. Einzig's treatise is also valuable for its shrewd prognostications of the future. Of especial interest is the stress laid on the fact that both governments and banks have created a great deal of fictitious wealth, while since 1914 (owing in part to the war) no remotely comparable increase of real wealth has taken place. He argues that this lack of equilibrium is the basic phenomenon, and that recovery can be stable only if fictitious wealth is reduced or if more real wealth is created.

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